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THE PARRELL TESTIMONIAL.

ON Tuesday last Mr. PARRELL was presented in Dublin with a cheque for (in round numbers) forty thousand pounds, at a dinner where the toast of the QUEEN was carefully omitted, and where the beneficiaire proceeded at once to exhibit his vouchers for the compliment done him in a speech as violent as a somewhat sluggish temper and some remnants of the education of a gentleman could be expected to permit. On some aspects of this transaction it is unnecessary to comment at length. The traditions of Irish politics are not more contrary to those of English politics in respect of the reception of "rent" by prominent politicians than in many other points. Nor, at any fair appraisement, can the function which Mr. PARRELL has voluntarily accepted, or rather chosen, be considered to be dearly remunerated with forty thousand pounds. Destitute of strictly oratorical power, and entirely devoid of the emotional enthusiasm which frequently marks popular leaders, Mr. PARRELL has in his short career displayed an intellectual ability and a strength of mind in rejecting everything which did not tend towards the accomplishment of his end worthy in each case of a statesman of all but the first rank. His mastery of the difficult science of practical Parliamentary tactics is admittedly exceptional; his debating power, in a certain hard and dry fashion, which is almost as effective as any other, if it be less attractive, is considerable; and he has certainly proved himself to be a leader of men—of what sort of men is not for the moment the question. When there is added to this the fact that Mr. PARRELL's station in life and his fortune were, if neither of them very brilliant, at any rate such as to secure him the chance of entering upon a perfectly independent and honourable political career, the sacrifice which he has actually made can hardly be over-estimated. A careful account of the career which he has, as a matter of fact, preferred to the career which was open to him will be found elsewhere. There is no need to duplicate the history. It need only be said that any one who, after considering what Mr. PARRELL might have been and what Mr. PARRELL is, grudges him his forty thousand pounds must have a very high estimate of the value of money and a very low one of those things other than money which make life worth living. Many things are represented on the other side of the account which bears this satisfactory balance. And the balance itself is hardly likely to be accepted as a final settlement of the debtor and creditor statement by certain auditors of a more permanent and a more influential character than Lord Mayor DAWSON, Mr. MICHAEL DAVITT, and Archbishop CROKE.

The same allowance—in itself the heaviest and most crushing condemnation possible—has to be made for Mr. PARRELL's words of acknowledgment. Mr. PARRELL might have been disqualified for the attainment of his forty thousand pounds if he had possessed the oratorical capacities of Mr. SEXTON or Mr. HEALY; and his attempts to emulate their language can only have been pleasing to the audience as a proof of condescension, as an evidence that their leader is at least willing enough to *s'encailler*, even if nature has not given him the power of doing it with the zest and skill of his lieutenants. It is perhaps a little lamentable to find a person of Mr. PARRELL's ability remarking that "We never hear of Lord SPENCER taking any child out of the 'slums of St. Giles to put it on board an emigrant ship," inasmuch as the obligations of a Lord Lieutenant of

Ireland to apply himself to administrative business of this kind might be supposed to be, at any rate for the term of his office, confined to West Britain. It is a little risky for Mr. PARRELL, even before a sympathizing audience of Nationalists at the Rotunda, to speak with indignation of "assassins." For it is no such far cry from that famous assembly-room to a place no less famous called the Phoenix Park, not to mention others of equally pertinent memory. The rankling smart of one of the most stinging personal castigations ever inflicted by one politician in Parliament on another can scarcely excuse the affixing of gutter epithets to Mr. FORSTER's name by Mr. FORSTER's victim of last spring. It can hardly, even in Ireland, be a joke to call the inhabitants of Scotland "simple"; and "the distinguished and good nephew of his great grand "uncle" is a sarcasm on Mr. TREVELYAN which would scarcely be considered brilliant in a debating society at Little Paddington. But it would be cruel to dwell on these details. Mr. PARRELL's *forte* is not in invective, or satire, or declamation. It is in Parliamentary organization; in the adaptation of means to ends without the slightest disturbing qualm about the nature of the means; in courageously utilizing dirty instruments to do dirty work, and dexterously avoiding the appearance of too direct contact with them. Had O'CONNELL (to whom Mr. PARRELL has, with the addition of various uncomplimentary epithets, been frequently compared) had the adroitness to keep as technically clear of his pacifiers as Mr. PARRELL has kept of his, the Liberator might have had an even more successful career than was the case. It is true that, had he done so, the faint flavour of generosity which redeems the earlier agitator at present would be wanting to his memory.

If, however, Mr. PARRELL's speech was insignificant as oratory and halting as invective, it was a very interesting and valuable political address for those Englishmen, if there are such, who yet have eyes to see and ears to hear. No English elector who has a decent familiarity with the spelling-book need be under any doubt as to the intentions and aims of this political ally of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE. No such elector, unless he chooses to disbelieve his senses and the English language, can discern in this speech the faintest undertone of conciliation, or desire for orderly union with England, of intention to draw quietly in that combined and equal yoke of an Anglo-Irish Federation of which fond Radicals dream. Mr. PARRELL's expressed aim is "national independence." If the present régime continues—the régime which hinders Mr. PARRELL's followers from flying at the throats of those Irishmen who are not Mr. PARRELL's followers—if, as Mr. TREVELYAN, a surely indisputable authority, puts it, "the QUEEN's Government continues to stand between Ireland and civil war," then Mr. PARRELL announces in plain terms, and without any circumlocution, that he will do his best to make government in England impossible. Mr. PARRELL says—this time actually in so many words—that "there must be no more emigration," that is to say, that the only possible remedy for the misery and the discontent of at least many thousands of Irishmen shall not be applied. He tells Lord HARTINGTON that, until the Liberal party abandon their unconstitutional ways (that is to say, till Boycotting and removals are allowed without interference), he will hear of no co-operation of any kind between Irishmen and English Liberals. And for all this Englishmen may be sincerely grateful to Mr. PARRELL. The very ghosts of all the men and women

murdered in Ireland during the years while Mr. PARNELL has been earning his forty thousand pounds ought, if patriotism survives the grave, to be grateful to him for his absolute frankness. He at least holds out no rose-pink prospects of Irish lambs lying down in peace with each other and with the British lion. On the contrary, the majority of the lambs are, by his express words, to be left by the lion to do exactly as they choose to the minority—with what result and in what fashion the Wexford riots told very instructively but the other day. It is true that, after what has happened, it is impossible to say that even this supreme candour may have its natural effect. Mr. PARNELL is a clever man, and if he had not gauged the spirit of the party which the members for Leeds and Birmingham adorn, it is probable that he would not have spoken as he did even in giving a receipt for forty thousand pounds. The more scatterbrained of the English Radicals, such as Sir WILFRID LAWSON certainly, and Mr. HERBERT GLADSTONE possibly, care nothing about Ireland remaining united to England, and indeed do not exactly comprehend what separation means. Others, of whom Birmingham might perhaps supply a type, in their inmost heart probably think that when their Irish friends have helped them to put down the English Tories and landlords, it will be easy for the English democracy to crush any Irish recalcitrance to its supremacy, just as the American democracy of the North crushed the Southern Confederation. A civil war is a cheap price for the true Jacobin to pay for the extinction of aristocracy. But there must be many men in the English Liberal party who have the brains to see what Sir WILFRID LAWSON does not see, and the heart to recoil from what the Jacobin wing does not recoil from—if only they cared to use either. Mr. FORSTER's speech at Bradford on Thursday is nearly as great a proof of the blindness which has fallen upon the more moderate Liberals as Mr. JOHN MORLEY's speech at Newcastle the day before is of the still more hopeless refusal to see which characterizes the less moderate. Mr. MORLEY considers it impossible for England under popular government long to coerce Ireland, and he does not quote the striking parallel just referred to. Mr. FORSTER considers it impossible for Ireland, with any franchise, to make itself seriously troublesome to England, and he does quote it. Both seem to be alike, though not equally, in error, and the error had been abundantly indicated beforehand at Dublin. Mr. PARNELL's speech sets once more, and in a singularly striking fashion, the character and aims of the Irish Nationalists before the world. It is the fault of those whom it concerns if the opportunity is not taken.

SOCIETAS UNIVERSORUM BONORUM.

A MASTER of encyclopedic learning, who knew every thing except Latin, once published as a translation of the phrase *Societas universorum bonorum*, a Society of all good men. If he had looked into a dictionary, he would have found that the correct version was, A partnership with unlimited liability. The present Ministers appear to have fallen into a similar mistake. That they form a Society of good men, and indeed of all good men, with the exception of their colleagues who are not in the Cabinet, is known on their own authority, especially as their chief, according to the incessantly repeated testimony of his colleagues, has goodness enough to leaven or permeate the entire Cabinet. It would nevertheless be better, in a constitutional view and for practical purposes, that they should, like their predecessors, remember that they are to the last fraction of their political character mutually responsible. The moderate section has no moral right to cultivate the favour of democratic agitators through Mr. CHAMBERLAIN, who, on his part, unfairly profits, or has formerly profited, by the confidence which was once reposed in Lord HARTINGTON and in the colleagues who were supposed to share his opinions. It is of course true that a dozen Ministers cannot exactly agree in their opinions on unsettled questions; but when they have arrived at a conclusion, either by a majority or in deference to their principal leaders, they are bound in loyalty to conceal their differences and to promote to the best of their power the common object. In the meantime it is intolerable that an extreme faction should endeavour to anticipate and control the final decision by bringing popular agitation to bear on the Ministerial councils. In some countries, as formerly in England, and now in Germany and the United States, the heads of departments

are severally and exclusively responsible to the Sovereign or President. English Ministers are bound to acquiesce in a common policy, and also to abstain from anticipating in their public declarations the decisions of the whole body. The efficiency of Cabinet government, which, like almost all other constitutional experiments, was first tried in modern England, depends on the unlimited liability of all the Ministers. The CHAMBERLAIN-HARTINGTON system of independent undertakings is a dangerous innovation.

The framers of the first Reform Bill were by no means of one mind during the preliminary discussion of the measure. Some of them wished even at that early date to introduce household suffrage and vote by ballot, while others regarded with undisguised alarm the sweeping changes which were ultimately proposed; but the dissensions of Lord GREY's Cabinet are generally known only by memoirs or letters published when the transaction had already become historical. At the time the whole Cabinet accepted the popular formula of "The Bill, the whole Bill, " and nothing but the Bill." Two or three years earlier the Duke of WELLINGTON, when he had already resolved to introduce the Catholic Relief Bill, dismissed the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland because he had presumed publicly to identify himself with the policy which the Minister was immediately about to disclose. If, indeed, it is true that Mr. GLADSTONE is preparing a measure which he has not yet communicated to the Cabinet, the Ministers may be excused for sharing a common and curious uncertainty; but in that case they would do well to withhold from their constituencies and from public meetings their own crude and premature conjectures. The rumour, though it seemed to be circulated on official authority, is probably not literally true, but Mr. GLADSTONE may perhaps have suspended his decision on the representations of different sections of the Government. There is too much reason to fear that he may incline, not only in constitutional legislation, but in general policy, to the opinions of the extreme party. Radical orators constantly urge on their hearers the expediency of effecting their objects, as far as possible, while they can still rely on the popularity and on the unequalled ability of their great leader.

Some of the assurances given by Ministerial speakers are not a little puzzling. Mr. CHILDESS, though he agrees with Lord HARTINGTON that the extension of the franchise will involve many difficulties and complications, nevertheless told his constituents at Pontefract that the Ministers were all acting together in perfect harmony. The statement is intelligible if, in contradiction to all their former professions, the majority of the Cabinet is prepared to redeem the pledges which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has repeatedly offered. In that contingency the Cabinet must be prepared to introduce universal suffrage with equal electoral districts (the latter of which arrangements has obtained the rather unexpected adhesion of Mr. FORSTER), not as an ultimate measure, but for the purpose of accomplishing practical objects which are not less candidly announced. In the first instance the Church is to be destroyed, to the unmixed disadvantage of the whole community. A smaller and yet not unimportant innovation is to be the establishment of gratuitous education, ostensibly as a pecuniary boon to the poorest class, with the incidental purpose of abolishing voluntary schools and religious education. The House of Lords will probably be the next victim, as it has been recently denounced by Mr. CHAMBERLAIN as the most insignificant of all minorities. It is true that an independent deliberative assembly can seldom count its members by tens of millions. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has probably not forgotten a still smaller minority which must also fail if its utility is to be tested by numbers. The QUEEN is in a minority of one; and, when other historical institutions have disappeared, her prerogatives also will be held up to the envy and hatred of the supreme multitude. The catalogue of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's proposed changes is still far from exhausted. He has proclaimed his purpose of altering to some undefined extent the distribution of property, though he may possibly intend still to tolerate in some instances the existence of those who neither toil nor spin, or who, in other words, are not dependent on weekly wages. It is with the avowed object of causing a political and social revolution that Mr. CHAMBERLAIN exhibits the sketch of a Parliamentary reform which may supply him with a sufficient force to subvert the actual constitution and the framework of society. For every contribution to the attainment of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN's ends the colleagues who help him to create the machinery which he requires form with him a political *Societas universorum bonorum*.

If the measures which have now been imperfectly and without exaggeration or addition enumerated are in Mr. CHILDER'S estimation either acceptable in themselves or proper to be dealt with as open questions, there is nothing to be said against the accuracy of his declarations; but in that case it becomes difficult to understand his complacent description of Ministerial unanimity. It is well known that all the members of the Government are agreed as to the expediency of descending in the direction, as some of their opponents think, of Averns; but it makes some difference to the Constitution whether it is helped downstairs or thrown out of the window. The difficulties which Mr. CHILDER'S recognized at Pontefract, and Lord HARTINGTON at Manchester, though not at Accrington, may be compared to the construction of a staircase, which requires some mechanical skill. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN more simply relies on the unimpeded force of gravitation which insures the most rapid and uninterrupted descent. If his compendious Reform Bill, with or without minor modifications, is accepted by the Cabinet, Lord HARTINGTON and Mr. CHILDER will have concurred in promoting the results which Mr. CHAMBERLAIN not unreasonably expects. The opposition which may possibly be offered to revolutionary measures within the Cabinet will, as Lord SALISBURY suggested, be worthy of all support; but, as he mournfully added, if the matter were the subject of a bet, the judicious speculator would back Mr. CHAMBERLAIN. It is possible that Lord SALISBURY may have placed the odds too high. With all his energy, and notwithstanding his perfect knowledge of his own intentions, Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has not always prevailed over the convictions of other members of the Cabinet. He was able with the aid of Mr. BRIGHT to delay for several months the suppression of agrarian outrage in Ireland; but for a year and a half he must have witnessed with helpless dissatisfaction the vigorous application of a rational measure of coercion. He would probably not have been allowed, while he retained office, to agitate publicly against Lord SPENCER'S administration, or against the law which he administers. With the Church, the House of Lords, and the institution of property, he is at liberty to recreate himself at his own discretion. It is not a little surprising that, when such issues are pending, respectable politicians should engage in oratorical tours with the object of showing that the Estimates have been increased or diminished to some almost imperceptible extent. Thoughtful patriots will be more inclined to prepare if possible means of resistance to the consequences of numerical despotism. The defence of the weaker has always been regarded as a heroic task, and the democratic party is now the stronger. It will perhaps be found hereafter that government by minorities is an indispensable condition of freedom. The greater number must always be superior in physical force, and therefore capable in the last resort of resisting oppression. A supreme multitude may be capricious or cruel with impunity. The English Constitution, framed under other conditions, imposes no check on the omnipotence of a Parliament which may be elected by the most unfit constituency. American legislators took precautions against a danger by which they were at once confronted. Their present successors probably congratulate themselves on the constitutional limitations which render comparatively innocuous such extravagances as the attempt of the House of Representatives to interfere with the course of English justice.

THE SOUDAN.

THE penalties which wait on impudent questioning are sufficiently well known. Yet it is very difficult for an Englishman to avoid asking himself the possibly impudent question, On whose head is the blood of the seven hundred Egyptian troops who were cut to pieces on Sunday week? Of course there are plenty of satisfying answers. It is on their own heads, for not fighting better; on the head of the Governor of Souakin, for sending them out to fight; on the head of the MAHDI, for putting the Soudan in a flame; on the head of the Egyptian Government, for not managing its matters more cleverly. There are, perhaps, some people to whom some of these plausible suggestions will seem satisfactory. But there may, perhaps, also be some obstinate and unrelenting inquirers who will somehow remember that there is another party to the affair—a party who could have prevented the luckless black sheep from wandering into the wilderness for no purpose that can be discerned or that is told, who could have substituted

capable leaders for the apparently incapable Governor, who, if it could not directly have restrained the MAHDI, might have made it impossible for those whom his success has stirred up to act with any chance of victory, who could have at once and peremptorily interfered with the senseless frittering away of blood and treasure which for long years has been the result, and almost the sole result, of the Soudanese policy of Egypt. That party is England; in other words, the English Government; in yet other words, Mr. GLADSTONE. But of course the idea of Mr. GLADSTONE ever being chargeable with blood-guiltiness is a wild dream. The battle-fields of 1877, the third Afghan campaign, the hills round Laing's Nek, Alexandria, Tel el Kebir, the defile near Obeid, prove that sufficiently. No man can say he did it, no man can charge a Radical English Minister with bringing about what a Radical English newspaper has humanely described as the "curing" of certain "blacks who were 'spoiling for a fight.' This description has the merits of smartness, and to a certain extent, it would appear, of truth; but in other than humanitarian mouths it might possibly be called brutal by humanitarians.

These aspects of the matter, however, though tempting, are not practical, and for once the exhortation of political wiseacredom to let the past alone, and look only to the future, may be accepted. The English Government has, by its own showing and that of its advocates, been a very bad friend to Egypt in permitting expeditions which it disapproved to be made by a Power which it could with the utmost ease have forbidden to make them. But if, after the late events, it continues to look on with its hands in its pockets, to refuse the aid which it is in a position to render, and to withhold the absolute veto on further foolish enterprises which it is in a position to impose, it will be acting a part which it is almost impossible to characterize in decently civil language. Enough blacks and browns have been cured of those bellicose intentions which unfortunately so far transcend their bellicose powers to show what the further prosecution of the war under Egyptian leadership and with Egyptian troops must lead to. The absolute prohibition of any advance, with orders to Colonel COETZEGON to quit Khartoum, and make the best of his way northwards or eastwards; the stationing of a defensive force, partly of English troops, at whatever point on the river seems most defensible; the protection of Souakin by English vessels, and the refusal to permit any thing beyond these measures, might be stigmatized as a fainthearted policy, but it would be a policy at least intelligible, and, except for its faintheartedness, not discreditable. The permission (for in plain words permission is what it comes to) of the present Egyptian method of conducting the war is at once disgraceful and unintelligible to the very last degree. Weeks have now passed since the news of HICKS PASHA'S disaster reached the English Government, and within twenty-four hours from the arrival of the news not one but two or three different methods for doing what was needful could have been set on foot, with ample means at hand to carry them out. But the ridiculous theory that England is in Egypt, as not being there, that the KHEDIVE is a purely autocratic ruler whom England politely advises and discreetly helps, would have had to be discarded. And so several hundred infidels of divers colours have been cured of their unholy and ludicrous desire for fighting, the task not merely of restoring the KHEDIVE'S authority in some more or less limited district of the Soudan, but of protecting and securing Egypt itself, has been made much more difficult, and the world at large has been treated to an edifying sample of the advantages which a country that invites or admits England to fight her battles and guide her counsels gains from that redoubtable champion and infallible mentor.

THE ROMANCE OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

A POPULAR preacher is nothing if he is not in what is called "the swim." Therefore we must pardon the spasmodic efforts to be in the swim which are made by popular preachers. Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE has been trying, and has triumphantly succeeded, in talking more oddly, to put it in a gentle way, about social difficulties than any of his struggling brethren. Deserting his favourite topic of "the romance of religion" and that Founder of our own faith whom Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE finds so sweetly romantic, he has taken to what may be called the romance of political economy. Mr. STOPFORD BROOKE appeared on

Sunday before a large congregation in the part of a kind of cultivated ROBIN HOOD. It is well known that the bold outlaw of Sherwood Forest (whom Mr. ISAAC TAYLOR discerns to be a solar myth) used to steal from the wealthy and the bishops of this world and give to the poor. ROBIN HOOD thus became the popular hero of "poor man's politics," and in Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE he finds his modern representative. In his pulpit in Bloomsbury Chapel Mr. BROOKE arises, and calls on the rich to "stand and deliver." "You have educated the people," he says—not with much truth—but how are we to educate Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE?

Of course, Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE is (apart from the knowledge of social laws) an educated kind of man. He has written a very nice primer of English literature, and he adorns his sermons with scraps from the *Faery Queen*. The recipe for making a sermon which will be popular among people who, without believing in anything in particular, retain the inherited habit of going to some kind of place of some kind of worship on Sunday is very well known. Setting aside the purely low comedy sermon (which draws very good houses too), we have the sermon of Culture and Passion, of which Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE is an acknowledged master. The culture is supplied, as last Sunday, by some scraps of SPENSER, whom the audience have not read, but of whom they like to be reminded. Here everything depends on the elocution, in which the popular preacher should be an adept. Then, after the culture is satisfactorily shredded in, you beat up with an attack on the morals or opinions of your congregation. People go to places like Bloomsbury Chapel on purpose to be scolded. They go in search of "sensations." So do the negroes in America go to camp-meetings in search of sensations. But their appetites are coarse and easily satisfied. Plenty of hominy and bacon all the week, plenty of hell fire and hallelujah on Sunday, such is the unvarying bill of fare which our coloured brethren find very filling at the price. But persons in easy circumstances who fare sumptuously every day want more variety on Sunday, especially if they do not believe in the place where DIVES went, and therefore cannot snatch a fearful joy from the spiritual threats of the pulpit. Preachers like Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE must meet the demand, for demand and supply regulate the market for sermons, however much Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE may dislike their activity in the direction of the labour market. Of course, then, the popular preacher must serve up, with his own sauce, whatever happens to be in season in the way of sensation. Occasionally his patrons even hold a consultation and order some particular *plat*. This happened last Sunday. We do not know whether Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE has previously been preaching much about the poor and the duties of property in land. These duties, by the way, are to submit to being robbed with meekness. We do not know whether Mr. BROOKE passed his time in labouring among the poor, and trying to get them not to spend their scanty earnings in gin. At all events, last Sunday a speech on the subject of the poor in London was the *plat* which had been ordered. "I have been asked to-day," said Mr. BROOKE, "to speak upon the subject of the poor in London, and to connect this particularly with the Municipal Reform League, of which I am myself a member." Mr. BROOKE did as he was ordered, and no "brimstone sermon" was ever more highly peppered. The lecturer apologized beforehand for any irritation he might cause in the minds of his hearers. The apology, though graceful, was needless. The hearers wanted something highly flavoured and they got it. Many people who like to hear everything denounced do not attend the debates of the more random and wild proletarians, because such attendance has its discomforts. But Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE gave his listeners the favourite old dish served up in his well-known style, and with all the comfort of a pleasant seat and good company.

He began by describing the dens near Bloomsbury Chapel. If he is really anxious to improve the dens, he can hardly do anything less likely to bring about the improvement than denouncing a particular class, and making reform a party question. But Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE, though he incidentally alluded to the Founder of the Christian religion, preferred in practice the method which of all others is least Christian. "All the land is God's," says the Jewish land law, according to Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE. What is the Jewish land law to Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE? Does he admire the laws of the Jews so much that he wants to go back to circumcision, slavery, and polygamy, Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE is probably aware that, when the

children of DAN found the coast too little for them, they went and occupied the land of a neighbouring heathen tribe, whom they put to the sword. This was emigration as then understood. But, on Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE's principles, the children of DAN should apparently have robbed the rich landowners of Judea. "The first cause of overcrowding," said Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE (just before saying "this country is depopulated") "is that all the land of this country is in the hands of a few persons, and that these slowly and surely drive out from their land all the poor who are not wanted as labourers on the land." Well, how is that to be prevented? Of course Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE did not actually say, "Why, rob the landlords." He said "Beware of covetousness," a crime supposed to consist in an unholly desire of our neighbour's property. This was not very consistent in a preacher who had just been denouncing these neighbours for their possession of property. Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE, instead of advocating an *ávádáorús*, brought in his reference to the Jewish law. The law of Patagonia is just as much to the point. Does the preacher suppose that, even in the ideal conception of the Jewish law (not to mention its practical working), all men were landowners, and no men were poor? If that was so, why were the landowners to leave gleanings "unto the poor"? Why were they not commanded to give the poor as much of their land as the poor chose to ask?

Leaving the land question with this luminous appeal to the Jewish law (and after making a few gross blunders in facts, which Mr. LOFTIE has corrected in the *Times*), Mr. BROOKE applied himself to the question of wages. Tradesmen try to undersell each other; and Mr. BROOKE asks "whether this is to be allowed to go on?" Why, how does he propose to prevent it from going on? Imagine, for the sake of argument, all the surplus of city population drafted into little farms of their own—how long would it be before drink and incompetence and the laws of the universe would make them drift back into towns again, and leave the land in the hands of the fittest? Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE's friends the Jews, when they were "overcrowded," went elsewhere; and no other remedy for overcrowding and misery (except pestilence, famine, war, and the expedients which have failed in France) will ever be discovered by the wit of man.

But Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE hopes all things from Municipal Reform. Glasgow and Liverpool do not appear to prove that municipal institutions work social miracles. They do not work miracles, however, in New York, where the citizens, like KATERFELTO with hair on end, are marvelling at the marvels of their own self-misgovernment. But "London Home Rule," said Mr. BROOKE, "in the end being representative would become inspired." A man who could say this, and fancy he had a meaning, could say anything. Was Boss TWEED inspired? And who could be more representative, as human nature goes in large cities, than Boss TWEED? After this amazing piece of romantic economics, what Mr. STOFFORD BROOKE may utter ceases to have any importance for reasoning human beings. But the majority of human beings are not reasoning; and, when the revolution comes in answer to the calls of popular preachers, who will pay the rents for pews in Bloomsbury Chapel?

Perhaps we should not leave the company of Mr. BROOKE and his denunciations without expressing agreement with him on one point, the appropriation of commons. Here, and here alone, the cry against landed proprietors is justified. He who steals a common, or a piece of a common, or a path, is guilty of the meanest and, to society, the most dangerous form of plunder. He simply sets the example of the millennium of robbery which is welcomed by so many sweet enthusiasts.

FRANCE AND TONQUIN.

THE result of the debate in the French Chamber on M. FERRY's Tonquin policy was not a matter for surprise. A large majority has given him a vote of confidence, and a still larger majority has voted him the money he asks for. As the Opposition had no practical alternative to offer, and the discussion has again shown the absolute nullity of M. FERRY's possible rivals, the Chamber had really no other course to take. It is early as yet to speculate on the effects the vote may have on China. There was little in it which need frighten the Imperial Government if it is prepared to resist, and nothing to give it confidence in

the stability of any peaceful arrangement with France. The only thing which is clearly proved by the debates is the absolute helplessness of the Chamber. It is obvious that the Deputies are by no means pleased with what they have learnt from the *Yellow-Book*. They do not approve of an aggressive colonial policy, and are very ill satisfied at finding that France has been committed to a very serious enterprise by the over-zeal of a naval officer and the laxity of the Ministry. Still, like the Chinese of M. FERRY's imagination, they find that they must submit to the *fait accompli*. They wish for quiet, and they are empowered to decide directly on the question of peace or war. There is obviously a very general feeling that the policy of the Ministry has been at once adventurous and feeble. The pretence that French officers have acted on the defensive throughout will not hold water when it comes to be examined. When Hanoi was occupied there was plainly no intention of making a permanent settlement; but the naval officers on the spot thought that the dignity of their country required that something energetic should be done, and they acted on their own responsibility. When the matter was referred home, the Ministry of the day adopted one of the half measures which are most fatal in enterprises of this kind. It condoned the conduct of the officers, and yet left them without the force required to impose on the natives of Tonquin and the Black Flags. The disaster at Hanoi was the natural consequence of this shilly-shallying, and then further operations had to be undertaken. M. FERRY acted on this occasion precisely as his predecessors in office had done. He did just as little as he could. Reinforcements were sent out in dribs and drabs, feeble military measures were taken to tide over the immediate difficulty, and the facts of the situation were persistently shirked. The Deputies must feel that the outspoken honesty of the *Yellow-Book* was imposed on their Government by the calculated indiscretions of the Marquess TSENG. At the end of it all France is saddled with an enterprise which may prove very burdensome, and can scarcely lead to any practical good.

The dilemma is as irritating as it well can be, but the Chamber is helpless. Its direct control over foreign policy is found to be little better than a mockery in practice. When it comes to exercise its right, it discovers that the Ministry has given it the choice between supporting an active policy or compelling France to eat another leek in the eyes of all the world. With the recollection of what came of the retirement from Egypt, the Deputies may be trusted not to adopt the latter course. When they are told that France is not at war, but is only promoting civilization and defending its interests by military operations, which is quite another thing, they have no resource but to shut their eyes and make-believe very much. They may hope that China will justify M. FERRY's prophecy, and submit to seeing the French masters of Tonquin rather than fight; but they know very well that if she does not the alternative is war. A vague conviction seems to prevail that it would not be as other wars, and that France will be able to pick and choose where she will fight and how long. For the moment the convenient little scheme for regulating the future which finds favour is that when Bac Ninh and Sontay are occupied, with or without resistance, the French will rest on their oars, and wait till the Chinese come to a better frame of mind. Perhaps some coast town will be occupied to punish them, and then nothing more will have to be done. The French have drifted so blindly in all this dreary complication, that they are quite capable of adopting some such compromise as this again, and giving their difficulty another spell of life. The one sign that a settlement may be arrived at is that M. FERRY has apparently made his mind up as to what he will ask for. France is going to insist on having the delta of the Red River, and the strategical points which command it, which is just what she was not going to ask for a few weeks ago. In the meantime M. FERRY is to have his money and his way. The Chamber cannot get rid of him, even if it wishes to do so. There is nobody to put in his place, and the country is satisfied with his domestic policy. The mass of French voters are so profoundly ignorant of the condition of distant countries that, as long as they are satisfied with the Minister's treatment of anarchists, the Church, and the Budget, they will take him at his word when he tells them that something is being done for the glory and interests of France a very long way off and at a very cheap rate. The fact that the Minister of a Democratic Republic and the servant of an

omnipotent Chamber should be able to launch his country into foolish adventures is a valuable illustration of the truth of the opinion that all French Governments are essentially the same, which has been held by many shrewd observers of politics. NAPOLEON III. could scarcely have done more than M. FERRY.

This debate has been of some value for the proof it has incidentally given of the unchanging character of French colonization. In the course of the discussion M. DELAFOSSE took occasion to sum up the net result of the attempts to make a profitable *colonie d'exploitation* out of Cochin China. There are, it seems, in that valuable possession 1,862 French citizens. Of these, 200 are naturalized Asiatics, and the others are all Government officials who administer one another. The exports amount to 2,000,000 frs. and the imports to 6,000,000 francs, for two-thirds of the trade is carried on in English vessels. The colony costs France 3,000,000 francs a year. This is the balance at the end of a twenty years' occupation. When it is remembered that Tonquin is being civilized by military operations (to adopt the fine circumlocution of M. FERRY), avowedly to extend the benefits obtained from Cochin-China, it certainly does appear to the English mind that the game is scarcely worth the candle to France. From some time before the Tonquin debate began and since it has ended the question has been further illustrated by the astounding trial of the Marquis DE RAYS. The exact degree of his guilt is not a matter on which Englishmen are concerned to decide. Whether he is a heartless speculator or merely an enthusiast whose zeal was not according to knowledge is a matter of comparatively little importance. The trial is chiefly valuable for the proof it affords of the credulity and ignorance of which Frenchmen are capable when they try to colonize. If a quarter of the stories told by the witnesses are true, nothing like this attempt to settle Port Breton has been seen since the beginning of the sixteenth century. Intelligent and well-meaning Frenchmen were found to encourage an attempt to colonize a country about which they might have learnt, by reference to any geography, that it was sterile and pestiferous. The colonists were smuggled off from foreign ports, and the cargoes shipped to be sold to the savages are worthy to figure in a farce. The unfortunate dupes of the promoters were subjected to every species of outrage on board tubs commanded by the lowest class of masters and mates. Nothing can be more lamentable than the story of their miseries. The whole business was got up, under clerical encouragement, for the greater glory of God, and no doubt with the best intentions. It is only a very extreme instance of French methods in colonization. Their colonies are never established to find room for a surplus population or inhabited by people who mean to work. They are military stations or efforts to form little clerical hotbeds of orthodoxy and piety.

MR. TENNYSON'S PEERAGE.

IT would be difficult to conceive any instance in which the conferring of the highest honour possible to an Englishman ought to be received with a more universal assent than the raising of Mr. TENNYSON to the peerage. Even the clumsy and shallow snobbery which, as might have been expected, has found expression on the occasion, can do no hurt. It has been said—as, of course, it was sure to be said—that Mr. TENNYSON confers honour on the House of Lords by entering it, and that it would have been more honourable to him to remain a commoner. The silly claptrap of the day could hardly fail to make use of this easy opportunity. As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not CESAR or PERICLES, not SHAKESPEARE or MICHAEL ANGELO—could confer honour more than he took on entering that House. There is a fable in Norse mythology which tells how the combined gods, in some not wholly comprehensible fashion, produced a being wiser, greater, and more powerful than the wisest, greatest, and most powerful among them. Eight hundred years of the most truly representative and, at the same time, the most perfectly undemocratic assembly in the world's history have placed it in a position where no single recruit can bring to it more than he borrows. The English House of Lords is not more unique by its method of constitution than it is by its merit of performance. It has not been more prompt to resist the madness of the people than it has been to face the *vultus instantis tyranni*; not more sure in moderating the thoughtless

excesses of democracy than it has been in staying the whims of a *chambre incroyable*. The measure of any politician may be taken directly from his attitude towards the House of Lords—the most august, the most peculiar, the most beneficial, the most irreplaceable of the elements of the English Constitution. Any fool can make a constitution *à la Sièyez* or *à la Wallon*; any greater fool than he can destroy either. But not the wisest man on earth could replace, when it was once destroyed, the great council of the nation, far more representative than any elected Chamber, far more intelligent than any device of philosophers to check the representative principle, which the practical wisdom of nearly a millennium has accomplished in the House of Lords.

Only the folly of his mistaken flatterers could have made Mr. TENNYSON wait so long for a recognition in full terms of his right to this latest honour. There might conceivably come a time when one of Mr. GLADSTONE's chief titles to fame would be that he made Mr. TENNYSON a peer. Any nascent chatter from persons of the type of that wonderful Mr. CURRIS whom Lord GRANVILLE snubbed so pleasantly on Thursday may be stilled after the last sentence by pointing out that here alone Mr. GLADSTONE has taken his stand on ground which is, and is likely to be, ground accepted *semper, ubique, ab omnibus*. Of the positive merits of the present LAUREATE'S verse it is here at least unnecessary to speak at length. But it is not unnecessary to point out that since POPE's time, at any rate, no poet has held, as Mr. TENNYSON has held, for a full generation the position unquestioned by any one whose questioning bears weight with it of chief poet of England. When he came on the scene the giant race before the flood of the French Revolution were dying off one by one. Since he came on the scene it is no despite to some three or four competitors of merit to say that they have but shown their superiority to all but himself in order to show their inferiority to him. When Mr. TENNYSON is at his best—that is to say, in the regions of pure poetry and in those of patriotic verse—he has not only had no superiors in our time, he has had few in any other. The glorious landscape of the "Dying Swan"; the thrice and thrice saturated literary poetry of the "Palace of Art" and the "Dream of Fair Women"; the excursion (rare for its author) into the regions of pure passion in "Fatima"; the matchless, or at least unsurpassed, music of the minor lyrics; the singular originality (to be paralleled only in the great dramatists, in MILTON, and in the artificial poetry of the last century) of the blank-verse scheme of the larger poems, unite the suffrages of every critic whose suffrage is worth having. If the general public weakens its vote by giving it at the same time to transparent imitators and plagiarists, that is the usual fate of genius. Of one thing, as far as the careful and almost grudging comparison with other languages and other ages can go, it may be pronounced, with tolerable certainty. The author of "The Lotus Eaters" and of "Ulysses" is not going to die till SHAKSPEARE and till SHELLEY die likewise. He is not indeed their equal; he certainly will be their companion. And it may be observed that the peculiar propriety of his present advancement is that it gives one of the least political of writers an opportunity of giving political effect to the sane and sound opinions which in his recent political utterances he has adopted. The author of a line which, with some not enthusiastic persons, has graved itself deeper than any line of any contemporary—

Aid ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew—

is not likely to give by vote or influence support to the modern notion that the banner of England is an old rag, best used for wiping slates with. The author of the sentiment about the "craven fear of growing great" is not likely to support the theory which bids the greatest of all kingdoms huddle and nuzzle with the trumpery Republics of yesterday. The new patriotism which counsels surrender, the new morality which counsels baseness, are not known to Mr. TENNYSON. His party politics are of very small importance, for all party distinctions tend to merge themselves in the general question "Who is against England and who "is for her?" His claim to a peerage on the old ground of belonging to a distinguished family is not small. And no one who acknowledges the true nature of the English House of Lords will question that, as a man of his hands, he has wrought his way thither by attaining what is certainly the front position among the men of the same handiwork.

THE AUSTRALIAN CONVENTION.

MOST Englishmen will feel a general sympathy with the demands of the Australian Convention; but a bolder Minister than Lord DERBY might hesitate before he gave the Imperial sanction to the scheme. He may perhaps have been surprised at the rapid and decisive answer which has been elicited by his original despatch. There could be no doubt that the Government of Queensland had committed an act of irregularity or usurpation when its officer took possession, in the QUEEN's name, of a considerable part of the great island of New Guinea. It is true that in former times maritime discoverers and captains of cruisers were in the habit of planting the English flag on every unoccupied territory which they might visit; but their claims were afterwards sustained or abandoned according to its discretion by the Government at home. There is no precedent for the sub-infeudation of a colony to a colony. The annexation of New Guinea, if it had been confirmed, might perhaps have been advantageous to Queensland or to the Australian colonies; but the cost and responsibility of governing and defending the new possession would have devolved on the Crown. Lord DERBY's decision was in substance unobjectionable, though his language may perhaps have been unsympathetic and cold. His refusal to accept the new territory was not absolute or final; and he took occasion, for reasons which have not yet been explained, to propose to the Colonies a new and comprehensive measure which seems to have but an indirect connexion with the project of annexation. The federation of the Australian colonies, though it has often been discussed, had not before been officially recommended. The suggestion had not been favourably received by any of the colonies, and the precedent of the abortive attempt to unite the different communities in South Africa was not encouraging. The Imperial Government had no interest in federation, unless it were deemed expedient to prepare the way for Australian independence. It is evident that one great dependency would be more likely to detach itself from the Empire, than a number of separate colonies of greater or less importance, varying in their feelings and circumstances. It is not known whether Lord DERBY is a member of the political school which formerly professed to regard colonial possessions as burden. It is even possible that he only wished to provide a machinery for dealing with questions in which the colonies might have a common interest.

The other Colonial Governments, including those of Tasmania and New Zealand, lost no time in expressing their entire concurrence in the policy of which Queensland had taken the initiative. Among all the communities which are scattered over those vast regions, there seems to have been absolute unanimity on the points at issue. It is intolerable to colonial Englishmen that any foreign Power should establish itself within reach of their shores. For a whole generation Australians have chafed over the existence, within some hundreds of miles of their continent, of the French colony of New Caledonia. A possible penal settlement on the coast of New Guinea would be a more urgent grievance. It is true that they might to some extent provide by domestic legislation against the immigration of fugitive or liberated criminals; but, after their successful resistance to the further importation of English convicts, they not unreasonably protest against the possible intrusion of the same class of foreigners. Their apprehensions were naturally aroused by the reported intention of the French Government to increase the number of criminal settlers in the South Pacific. It may be added that the Australians are perhaps not in the habit of correcting their geographical conclusions by reference to large-scale maps. The not inconsiderable portion of the globe which they occupy includes, in their estimation, additional seas and islands. They justly consider that much inconvenience might arise, not only from a possible influx of criminals, but from the vicinity of independent neighbours who might on occasion become hostile. Only four or five years ago they were threatened with predatory visits of Russian cruisers; and they know that a large French garrison within reach would involve the necessity of military precautions. The feeling on the subject is so general and so strong that the representatives of the Crown in the different colonies have thought it prudent to follow the current of opinion; and the principal Ministers of all the provinces have met at Sydney, and have agreed to a combined application to the Colonial Office.

The Convention asks the Imperial Government not only to take immediate possession of that part of New Guinea

which is not claimed by the Netherlands, but to take measures for preventing the establishment of settlements in the Pacific south of the Equator by any European Power. The implied prohibition is directed against Germany and France. It is well known that many German politicians desire the commencement of a Colonial Empire, and French ambition has lately taken the same direction. The request of the Colonies might probably be granted if the English Government were in a position to impose its will on all other Powers; but it would be idle to protest against acts which it might be impossible to prevent. In negotiations on the subject it would be difficult to assert on behalf of three or four millions of colonial Englishmen a MONROE doctrine affecting the Pacific from the Equator to the Pole. It is undoubtedly a great advantage to dispense with civilized neighbours, who, as experience shows, would devote much of their energies to the establishment of hostile tariffs and to occasional wars, but the luxury of political solitude is not easily attained. At the present moment a diplomatic conflict is pending between England and the United States on the protectorate of the Panama Canal, which is claimed by America in virtue of the MONROE doctrine. The distance of the Canal from the nearest point of the United States is not very different from that between Queensland and New Caledonia. It would be embarrassing to advance a claim to the exclusive possession of the South Pacific region at the time when the American Government disputes the continued validity of the CLAYTON-BULWER Treaty. It may perhaps be practicable to concede some part of the request of the Conference. The formal acquisition of sovereignty over the part of New Guinea which is nearest to Queensland seems to be inevitable; and the Conference properly admits that all conditions and details must be regulated by the Imperial Government. It will not be an unmixed evil to increase the navy for the purpose of protecting any newly-acquired territories if the Colonies fulfil their undertaking to bear a reasonable share of the expense. The introduction of a foreign policy into the Australian colonies may perhaps tend to prolong the connexion with the mother country. The North American colonies never thought of revolt till the French were expelled from Canada. New South Wales and Victoria might perhaps have the same kind of interest in retaining English protection.

The further resolutions of the Conference go far to establish the federation which Lord DERBY proposed. The delegates, who are the principal Ministers of their respective Colonies, have agreed on the draft of a Bill which seems to satisfy all immediate wants. The Conference thinks complete federation premature, having probably considered the difficulty of establishing identical tariffs for communities so widely divided in opinion as New South Wales and Victoria. By the Bill, which of course requires both the sanction of the several Legislatures and the approval of the Crown, Federal Council is to be created, consisting of two representatives from each self-governing colony and of one from each Crown colony. There will be two Sessions in a year, and three colonies may summon an extraordinary Session. The Council will have power, subject to the authority of the Crown, to legislate on the large subject of the relations of the Colonies with the inhabitants of the Pacific islands. The Council will also provide for the prevention of the influx of criminals, for the laws of marriage and divorce, for the regulation of fisheries, and many other matters, including patents, copyright, and bills of exchange. It remains to be seen whether the scheme of partial federation is to stand or fall with the acceptance by the Home Government of the proposals relating to foreign settlements. Many of the objects of the draft Bill are entirely unconnected with territorial claims. On the whole, it seems probable that the projected legislation will prepare the way for a closer union. Lord DERBY cannot fail to give the overtures a courteous and careful consideration. He will probably be able to satisfy the Colonial Governments and the members of the recent Congress that some of the demands are not within the power of the Imperial Government to grant; but there is no reason why the general policy which was recommended should not be approved in principle. It has happened, by singular good fortune, that no foreign settlement has been made on the coasts either of the Australian continent or of Tasmania and New Zealand. It is impolitic not to regard with complacency the prospect of a great English community which will control all neighbouring territories. In the meantime, it may be necessary to abstain from excessive pretensions.

MAKING NIGHT HIDEOUS.

A FEW nights ago the inhabitants of a respectable quarter of Chelsea near the river were aroused from their sleep by that foolish nuisance of the season known as the "Waits." The time at which the nuisance began was three o'clock A.M., and it lasted over half an hour, when the musicians went away to break the slumbers of inoffensive people elsewhere. Till after the New Year there is every reason to think that the annoyance will be frequently repeated, as it has been in former years. Before last Christmas several complaints on this subject were made to the police authorities at Chelsea, with the success with which complaints made to the police not unfrequently meet. The thing has now become intolerable. It is not to be borne that night should be made hideous, and that the sleep of respectable people should be broken, in order that these street-musicians may get a Christmas-box from those who are foolish enough to give it. The nuisance is of an aggravated kind. Not a few of the "Waits" are persons of by no means the worst education, whose misconduct cannot be palliated by the plea that they know no better. The hours which they choose for their visits are just those at which most people are asleep; and to be awaked at two or three o'clock in the morning, and kept awake for more than half an hour, means to many people, and especially to those who have to do brain-work of any kind, that they do not go to sleep any more. Either a man sleeps through the music—and in this case it does him no good, or else he is awaked by it—and in this case it does him a great deal of harm. That the nuisance should have lasted so long is only another proof of how tenacious Englishmen are of anything which has a flavour of the "old time" about it. The old time, however, is gone; and what may have had a charm about it in such country-houses as WASHINGTON IRVING loved to describe, is ridiculously out of place among the streets of a great capital. The nuisance could be put an end to if private individuals would make it a point of duty never to give a Christmas-box to these disturbers of the peace of night. But many people do not know how to say "no" to such applications; and the peculiar sentiment which is associated with Christmas gives a colour of kindliness to their weakness. The evil can only be effectively met by the interference of the police; and a constable should be instructed to break up and silence these bands of musicians as unspareingly as he would a nocturnal concert of cats or a gang of drunken brawlers.

The "Waits," however, persecute the London householder only for a short season of the year. The nightly disturbances due to drink are perennial, and are perhaps nowhere in London more offensive and conspicuous than in Chelsea, which is not only one of the chosen seats of the "rough," but is in close communication with another of his favourite haunts, Battersea. In the near neighbourhood of the best houses in Chelsea scenes occur almost nightly which it is impossible to describe. And here the arrangements made by the police are largely, if not mainly, to blame. It is to be noted that the disturbances do not arise immediately after the closing of the public-houses, and commonly do not originate in them. They are due to the insufficiency of the police on duty at night, and especially to the absence of a fixed police-guard at certain points, such as those where several thoroughfares meet, and which therefore offer special facilities for fights and quarrels. In some, if not in all, cases the night policeman goes off the point where he and others have been stationed all day at one o'clock in the morning, leaving it entirely unprotected for several hours. The fact that another policeman in his nightly beat passes the spot gives practically but little protection to the householder. He passes at considerable intervals of time, and when he approaches the brawlers are quieter or slink off. If they are sober enough to show fight, he is so greatly in a minority that he has to rely solely on the "moral influence" of his office, which, to do him justice, is much greater than might be supposed. But when he does not happen to be on the spot, which is the general rule, what those who are kept awake by these nightly brawls have to bear is too horrible for description. They have to listen to the vilest language from the lips of drunken women fighting with men as drunk and debased as themselves. All the foul words which cannot find a place in any dictionary, but which seem to form almost the only vocabulary which these wretched people possess, are poured out like a cataract. From words they often come to blows, and after being forced to hear the language which they use, the

listener can detect the thud on the pavement when one of them knocks down another. These things are not exceptional; they occur, to a greater or less extent, all the year round. And the hours during which they mainly occur are between one and three o'clock in the night—that is to say, during which the public-houses have been long closed, and during which the supervision of the police has been relaxed.

Frequently as these disturbances occur during the week, they are almost a matter of course on Saturday night and Sunday morning. Half the value of the day of rest is lost when it is preceded by a night of discomfort. There are three reasons why Saturday night should be the noisiest in the whole week. In the first place, the public-houses close earlier on that night than on others, and the shouting of the intoxicated persons leaving them consequently begins earlier. In the next place, as such persons have the whole of the following day for sleeping off the effects of their debauch; and, further, as they have for the most part received their wages on that day, a threefold reason exists why they should make the most of Saturday night. And they do so with a vengeance. After the long and obscene procession of those who have got drunk in Chelsea has at length passed by, another procession begins of those who reside in Chelsea, but have got drunk with their friends in Battersea. The most respectable publican may unknowingly contribute to this result. A man who has already been drinking at two or three public-houses may come to another not obviously the worse for liquor, but in such a state as that any further amount of drink which the publican may supply him with will suffice to make him drunk and disorderly. We could name parts of Chelsea in which drunk and disorderly persons are in the habit (weather permitting) of creating disturbances from twelve o'clock on Saturday night till four o'clock on Sunday morning. The sleep of the neighbouring householders is broken, and their ears, as well as (which is worse) those of their children and servants, are polluted by the vilest language which the vilest part of our population is in the habit of using.

Such a state of things is a disgrace to the capital of a civilized country. It is evident to any man of common sense that it can be stopped, and stopped with no great difficulty. The disorders to which we refer take place along certain main streets, and especially at points of junction where several chief thoroughfares meet. From such thoroughfares or points of junction the disorderly persons referred to diverge to their respective slums. Two things appear to us perfectly clear. First, that the number of policemen on beat between twelve and four o'clock in the night is, in the districts of which we speak, altogether insufficient. Secondly, that during these hours the stationary police, who now remain on duty till one o'clock, should be relieved by others who should remain on duty, according to the season of the year and to the special circumstances of the district, till three, four, or five o'clock in the morning. We have nothing to say against the individuals who compose the police force in Chelsea or anywhere else. We believe that they do their duty well. But the regulations under which they work render it impossible for them to maintain the peace in certain parts of Chelsea at certain hours of the night, and to give to the inhabitants of these parts the protection for which they pay, and which they have a right to demand. A very small increase in the force, if, indeed, it be at present inadequate, would probably suffice to attain the desired end; for it is at a few points and in a few streets only that further protection is needed. Nor can it be said that this would only transfer the nuisance to other streets where no policeman is stationed. Drunken men will continue to find their way home by the roads to which they are accustomed, and will not seek byways in order to evade the police. It was once said by an American politician that there exists a special Providence for drunkards' children and the United States; and this Providence keeps the first of the three to the familiar path which leads from the public-house to the slum. A very small effort on the part of the police would put a stop to an intolerable nuisance. We may also commend this subject to the careful consideration of the members for the borough of Chelsea, and would suggest that one of them might with advantage refer the matter to his colleague the HOME SECRETARY. The question does not concern Chelsea only; for there are doubtless many other parts of London in which similar evils may be met by similar remedies.

USELESS EXPLOSIONS.

THE publication of a Report by Colonel MAJENDIE and Captain CUNDILL has recalled attention to the base and useless crimes committed in the Underground Railway on the 30th of last October. No considerable interest has been excited by this careful scientific examination into the immediate causes of the explosions, and the means used by the cowardly ruffians who caused them. The document has inevitably an appearance of elaborate futility. It makes an official record of what was already known, and shows that the guesses made at the time were generally correct; but it has nothing to say about what we are really anxious to learn. It can tell us nothing whatever about the criminals. This is in no way the fault of Colonel MAJENDIE and Captain CUNDILL, who were not, perhaps unfortunately, entrusted with the direction of the detective police. What they had to do they have done. They specify the time and place of the explosions, and show how they were produced and what material was used. All this is not particularly profitable reading. The time and the place were matters of common knowledge, and there never was any doubt on the other two points. Nobody needs to be told that the explosions took place at about eight o'clock in the evening of the 30th October in the neighbourhood of Praed Street and Charing Cross Stations. Neither was there much doubt in anybody's mind that they were produced by dropping dynamite from the window of one of the carriages. There may have been some uncertainty as to the exact explosive used; but that was not a matter of much importance. We have by this time become quite familiar with the fact that a few villains are engaged in dropping packages of dynamite about, in the hitherto unsuccessful attempt to terrify the English people out of their wits. It may now be considered as proved beyond all reasonable doubt that this explosive was used in the Underground with rather less than the usual amount of bungling.

On the most important question of all this Report has, and can have, nothing to say. It leaves us no nearer than we were before to the discovery of the criminals. In some respects the labours of the official inquirers have led to a rather discouraging result. Their examination has produced one more demonstration of the extreme facility with which crimes of this kind can be committed with almost perfect safety to the perpetrators. Any Irish patriot or social reformer who is fired by the noble exhortations of O'DONOVAN ROSSA can feel sure of helping on the good work at a trifling expense of money and trouble. He has only to make a handful of indifferent dynamite, which is apparently as easy as lying, and learn how to set it off, which is no great mystery; and then nothing further is wanted except a shilling or less for a first-class railway-ticket. No Londoner needs to be told that an empty compartment can always be found by a little waiting. Dropping a parcel out of a window is as easy as firing through a hole in a wall, and much less dangerous, for the person shot at may retaliate. Escape at the next station is even easier, and the heroic feat is performed. It looks so simple and so little dangerous that we have every reason to be surprised at the comparative rarity of its occurrence. The crime has every quality which can tempt the patriotic Irish mind. On the other hand, the history of all these explosions has its encouraging side. We are now entitled to believe that the progress of science has not been so favourable to the villain as he was inclined to think a year or two ago, and as his loquacious friends in America pretend to think still. Dynamite is, no doubt, a very effective explosive; but its power seems to be limited in a variety of ways. It is easy to make after a fashion, but difficult to make good. Then it produces its effect within a narrow area, and when dropped by a timid rogue in an open place does surprisingly little damage. When we recall the vague guesses common a year ago as to the mischief which could be wrought by a few men reckless enough to use the new explosives, and compare them with what has actually been done, it seems doubtful whether science has really put the enemies of society in a better position than their like were in a hundred years ago. If the scoundrels who have been engaged in the various outrages at Westminster and elsewhere had been men enough to break out in Palace Yard with bowie-knives, after the fashion of the Fifth Monarchy men, they would have done more mischief in ten minutes than they have effected in as many months with all the appliances of science. But it requires some courage and capacity for self-sacrifice to play the part of

the Fifth Monarchy men, and those are not the virtues of the Irish patriot. These outrages have again proved what was a little overlooked, that science may improve explosives, but it has not materially affected the character of the enemy of the human race who uses them for unlawful purposes. He remains just the same lurking, cowardly, and bungling ruffian that he always was. They may serve to show a generation which is a little inclined to overrate the value of machinery that the efficiency of a weapon is in exact proportion to the skill and courage of the man who uses it.

This Report is too probably the last we shall hear of the explosions in the Underground, since the criminals have unfortunately escaped, and there seems to be no prospect of discovering them. Before dismissing a very contemptible business, we may find some satisfaction in noting what has undoubtedly been the most important feature of all this feeble campaign of terrorism. Englishmen may reflect with pardonable pride on their own conduct throughout. It is not well to encourage a habit of boasting or indulge in noisy praises of our own virtues. We have warning examples of what that leads to on the other side of both Channels. Nevertheless, we may fairly be proud of the fact that we have spontaneously taken the right course to defeat the attack of our cowardly enemies. It would have been more completely satisfactory, no doubt, if all the authors of these outrages could have been brought to justice, but, even if our failure in that respect had been more complete than it has been, it was always in our power to defeat their main object. They aimed at doing a great deal of material damage and causing loss of life only as the best means of producing a panic. The damage done has been insignificant, and, though individuals have been cruelly injured, nobody has been killed. Still, they did succeed to a certain extent. If Englishmen had been liable to panic, the explosion at Westminster and the discoveries at Liverpool would have afforded them a good excuse. The country might well have been terrified to learn that there were a number of desperadoes at large armed with a terrible instrument of destruction. There has, however, not only been no panic, but scarcely anything which could be called a disturbance. It is doubtful whether a single Londoner modified his habits in the least degree because of the Westminster explosion, and there is no sign that the trains in the Underground have been less used since the 30th October than they were before. Something must be allowed for the ineffective character of the first outrage. There was a distinct absurdity about an attempt to blow down a great building which ended in nothing more terrible than the smashing of a great deal of glass and the ruin of a policeman's overcoat. The ridiculous side of the thing, however, would only have been patent to people who kept cool and declined to be frightened. It has often been said of late years, and with some appearance of truth, that the ready courage on which Englishmen used to pride themselves has been weakened by the easy-going habits of modern life. The mixture of contemptuous indifference and curiosity with which all these outrages have been treated is some proof that the loss has not been very serious. Neither has there been any considerable amount of the indiscriminate anger which would almost have been justifiable under the circumstances. The crimes of a few Irishmen have not been visited on their countrymen. No complaints have been heard even from the sufferers by the explosion at Praed Street. To be resolutely cool in the presence of attempts at terrorism is the wisest as well as the bravest course; but it is taken spontaneously or not at all. From the moment these outrages began it was taken for granted that nobody was to be frightened by them. On the whole, the imitators of the Land League who have made these unsuccessful attempts to bully are to be thanked for giving us some right to indulge again in the wholesome pleasure of feeling a certain amount of self-respect. After the ignoble cringing to terrorism in Ireland, and the cant which was lavished on the surrender in the Transvaal, it began to look as if England would yield anything to violence. The dupes of O'DONOVAN ROSSA and his less honest allies on this side of the water have done us some service by giving us an opportunity to show that we are not wholly given over to fear.

THE LONDON PARKS.

IT will seem to many people a piece of sheer absurdity to speak of the Parks as in any way in danger. Londoners are a great deal too proud of them to make such a thing possible. They are at once Crown property and national property, and in either character they are exceptionally protected against attack. Nor is there any quarter from which an attack is likely to come. This is an age in which commons are preserved for miles round every great city; and, after saving Epping Forest, we shall not be foolish enough to throw away something much more indispensable than Epping Forest. Surely the cry of the Parks in danger must be the last resource of a journalist at a loss for a subject! Yet, in spite of appearances, there is more to be said on the alarmist side than at first sight there may seem to be. To begin with, there is some positive risk involved in the new scheme of a railway from Paddington to Westminster. Nearly the whole of the distance between these two points is made up of one Park or another, and it is proposed, in order to save expense, to carry the line underneath them. The cost of compensation for house property in London is so large that the idea of making any more underground lines has of late been pretty well abandoned. Though house property would probably not again be paid for on the liberal scale which prevailed when the Metropolitan and District lines were constructed, there is still much that must be bought, and bought at a high price if compensation is not to become a mere name. Naturally enough, therefore, the promoters of the proposed line are anxious to find some land which has the great merit, from a railway point of view, of having no foundations that can be disturbed. This condition is most perfectly fulfilled in the Parks, and it seems now to be understood that no objection will be made to the Parks being used for the purpose. The streets become more crowded every year; a railway running from North to South would be a very convenient addition to the existing means of getting about London; and what possible harm can it do the Parks to carry a tunnel underneath them? It may be well to remember the somewhat parallel case of the District Railway. The Thames Embankment had the same advantages as regards absence of houses and consequent cheapness of construction that the Parks have, and there was an equally general desire that nothing should be allowed to disfigure one of the too few features that make London a really fine city. It was taken for granted that a railway carried through a tunnel could do nothing towards making the surface of the ground hideous; but those who reasoned in this way have been disagreeably enlightened—first by the stations, and then, after a long interval, by the ventilators. If the railway had been carried alongside the carriage road for the whole length of the Embankment, the result could hardly have been more ugly than it is now. Two or three stations and as many ventilators are really a worse eyesore than the line to which they minister. What guarantee is there that the same sort of tricks will not be played with the Parks? Just so much as the public insist on inserting in the Act of Parliament under which the line is made. If stations and ventilators are not forbidden, stations and ventilators will be erected. Indeed, if the railway is once allowed to be made, it is by no means certain that the Act which forbids them will not soon be modified. It will be pleaded that, if the toiling multitudes of Paddington and Westminster want to get out at the head of the Serpentine, it is absurd to give them no station between the Bayswater Road and Piccadilly. The argument which is perpetually used to justify new railways in the Lake district will be appealed to here. The Parks, it will be said, were made for Londoners, not Londoners for the Parks. What is the good of having an ornamental garden from which those who most need it are virtually shut out? In presence of the beautiful anxiety of Railway Companies for the interests of the poor, it seems almost brutal to remark that the third class is the most remunerative of all. So long as it is a question of bringing passengers to the threshold of beautiful things, nothing can be said against this zeal. If it is not wholly unselfish, it is at all events useful. But when it is a question of spoiling the beautiful object in order to make it slightly more accessible, there is no comparison between the gain and the loss. Sir EDWARD WATKIN would be quite capable of drying up the Serpentine in order to carry more passengers to look at the empty channel. That might be good business from the railway point of view; but it would not be good business from the

point of view of the Parks. The point, however, at which there is most to be feared from the projected line is the Westminster end. There is a good deal of open ground between the northern corner of the Foreign Office and Storey's Gate, and it is just the sort of ground which a Railway Company would consider quite useless in its present state. To a certain class of minds the most beautiful object in art or nature is a station erected at a small cost to serve a large traffic; and in their view a cheap and unpretending building, in the manner with which we are familiar on the Embankment, would render to the Foreign Office the same service which St. Margaret's Church renders to Westminster Abbey.

The railway from Paddington to Westminster, though it is the most immediate, is not the only danger to which the Parks are exposed. In theory no one dreams of encroaching upon them. So, at least, it might have been said some months ago. Within that time, however, it has actually been suggested—quite in the temper of JUDAS—that the Green Park might be sold for building, and the price given to the East-end poor in the shape of a park in their own neighbourhood. So monstrous a notion as this is hardly likely to take any effective shape; but in practice there is a constant disposition to take away little bits of the Parks. In some cases the advantage of doing this really does outweigh the standing argument against it. Few people, for example, will regret the little corner of the Green Park which has been sacrificed to make room for the recent improvements at Hyde Park Corner. The only ground for regret here is that so much of what was taken away should have been restored in the shape of the not beautiful mound which now breaks the fall of the ground towards Westminster. But so many interests are concerned, now in filching a bit from the Parks, now in making roads across them, now in putting them to some social or political purpose for which they were not intended, that it will not do to be too confident that they will remain uninjured. Quite lately a water reservoir has been made in Hyde Park. Very possibly it serves some useful purpose, but it is not the less a real disfigurement to that part of the Park. The gardener's cottage which was built in exchange for a less obtrusive building near Kensington Palace is another inroad upon the great expanse of rolling turf which is the most striking feature of Hyde Park, and one that makes the removal of the adjoining barrack more unlikely. To regret the making of the high road from Victoria Gate to Alexandra Gate would be thought extravagant, and the actual sacrifice of space which it necessitated was almost infinitesimal. But proposals are frequently made for carrying some kind of road across Kensington Gardens, and this would mean the virtual destruction of the most distinct as well as the most beautiful of all the Parks. The passion for making short cuts is so strong, and the obstacles that Kensington Gardens offers to this process are so obvious, that it is never safe to assume that there is no risk of the thing being done. The point to keep in mind is that the Parks are meant to be vast spaces of green grass planted here and there with trees and flowers. They are not intended to furnish means of getting more quickly from one part of London to another, or pleasant prospects to the residents in the houses that overlook them, or sites for the erection of monuments to eminent men. If iconoclasm could ever be condoned it would be as applied to the SPEKE obelisk, and perhaps to some other objects within the precincts of the Parks.

THOMAS HOOD.

IT is with peculiar pleasure that we notice the issue of a new edition of the complete works of Hood by Messrs. Ward & Lock. It would require a long and most probably a dull dissertation to justify the thesis that Hood is, of all English men of letters, the most undervalued; and there certainly are facts which might be adduced on the other side. This is, unless we mistake, the third time that a complete edition of his works has appeared during the last twenty years; while of his *writings*, comic and serious, separate editions almost innumerable have been called for. This, it may be said, is conclusive against neglect; it is not quite so certain that it is conclusive against undervaluation. The grievance that we have against the British public as regards Hood is twofold. The general reader has persisted in regarding him as a person who was unmatchedly clever in writing such things as

And there I left my second leg
And the Forty-Second Foot,

to the entire ignoring of a faculty of producing other than burlesque work, which was at its best inferior to that of very few of

his contemporaries. The particular reader, if that phrase may be used, knows perfectly well that he had this faculty; but, apparently to revenge himself on him for his knack of pleasing the general reader, obstinately refuses to give him due credit therefor. Everybody knows, or ought to know, Thackeray's generous and whimsical outburst of wrath with Hood for writing buffoonery when he could write things so much better. It would perhaps be more reasonable to find fault with Hood's readers, who seem to a great extent either to have made up their minds that he was nothing but a buffoon, or else that, being one, he had no business to be anything better.

To show the injustice that is done to Hood as a man of letters, no better test can be resorted to than the appearance which he usually cuts in books of selections. There will be found, of course, the "Song of the Shirt" and the "Bridge of Sighs," pieces which we are very far from wishing to undervalue in our turn, but which, from the literary point of view, must underlie the charge of being exaggerated, popular, and a little claptrap. There may be one of the purely burlesque pieces, among which it is certainly possible to select admirable examples of the kind. Perhaps there is an extract from "Miss Kilmansegg," an effort in the moral-satirical verse way of which it is difficult to speak too highly. Possibly, though not by any means certainly, the admirable "Eugene Aram" may appear. But the beautiful "Elm Tree," the "Haunted House," absolutely unsurpassed of its kind, the "Plea of the Mid-summer Fairies," not unworthy of Keats himself, who inspired it, and of Lamb, who praised it, the numerous exquisite snatches which have the grace and melody of Moore, without his triviality and pinchbeck—where are they? Professed students of English literature know them, of course, but to the general public Hood is still the man who had an unmatched facility of making puns in verse, and a still more unmatched but somewhat perverse power of mixing up jest and earnest in the manner of "The Desert Born."

Here, at any rate, are all the pieces before us; serious and comic, prose and verse, ephemeral and lasting. It seems to be admitted that, like most men who write for the press under the anonymous system, Hood did not a little work which is beyond the possibility of identification and recovery. But the fact that for the most part he was his own editor made him suffer less in this way than some other men, and, considering that he died still a young man, these eleven stout volumes of, for the most part, neither large nor loosely-spread print, represent a very great amount of work. We should not ourselves prefer to start an edition of Hood with the *olla podrida* called "Hood's Own," but that may be a matter of taste. Considering, however, that, not to mention a fair volume full of serious poetry, and *Tylney Hall*, which is perhaps not a masterpiece, Hood has left a substantive work of excellent merit in the shape of *Up the Rhine*, there could not be much difficulty in leading off. To our thinking, that admirable volume is, all things considered, far from being his least title to fame. The borrowing of the ground-plan and some details from *Humphrey Clinker* is, of course, as unmistakable as it is avowed, but that matters very little. The execution is hardly inferior to Smollett's, except where actual satire of living persons is introduced; and lastly, in no book does Hood's extraordinary system of illustration fit in so happily with the text. To the present generation, we believe, these illustrations seem extravagant, which indeed they are, and are meant to be. But their remarkable appositeness to the text (we can hardly, by the way, forgive the person responsible for the present edition for cutting them out of *Up the Rhine* altogether, and printing them in "Hood's Own," where they have the remotest possible relevance), and the whimsicality of their adaptation to their legends, or of the adaptation of their legends to them (for it may be doubtful which, in Gavarni's phrase, "spoke" first to the author), distinguishes them from almost everything else of the kind. With the single exception, however, of *Up the Rhine* Hood's work may be admitted to be a thing of shreds and patches. There are probably quite five thousand pages in this edition, and when *Tylney Hall*, *Up the Rhine*, and the "Memorials," which do not fill three volumes of the eleven, are deducted, hardly anything is left that extends to more than a few pages. It is all journalism in a way, and yet it has nothing, or very little, of the ephemeralness of journalism. For besides his inexhaustible fertility in verbal wit, Hood had certain other characteristics which are very rare in the periodical jester. The most peculiar, perhaps, was that which has been noted just now in reference to "The Desert Born." Nineteen burlesque writers out of twenty, if not ninety-nine out of a hundred, either keep up the burlesque tone throughout, or when they drop it fail completely. But the latter part of the ride of the new *Mazeppa* is perfectly serious poetry of a rather high order. A very sensitive person may perhaps say that there is something of profanation in putting the higher faculty, as it were, at the service of the lower; but it is certain that the result is to make Hood's burlesque work of enduring value. Another point about this work is that it is seldom merely personal or occasional, never by any chance spiteful, and very seldom conventional or claptrap in its satire. Even his satirical "Odes and Addresses" are in the main good-humoured, while *Liberal* and *Reformer*—as in many social ways, if not exactly in matters political, he was—one misses altogether the note of silly conventional class-detraction which, to give the most famous example, marks the work of Dickens. Hood was too good an artist, too thoroughly humane, to have ever indulged in such clumsy caricatures as the *Barnacles* or as *Sir Leicester Dedlock*.

There is, however, no need of these considerations, or of remembrance of his blameless industrious affectionate life and character, utterly free from the trumpery vanity and grizzling which frequently makes men of not a tittle of his power testify against gods and men for not exempting them from the necessity of drudgery. Hood's work can stand on its own bottom. It is not, of course, work to be taken in large doses. A whole volume of "Hood's Own" would be a dangerous prescription, and to read a dozen Comic Annuals or their contents "on end" would be a mistake. The major part of the works (at least as here arranged, for more justice might pretty certainly be done to them by a little more editing, of which presently) is readable, but readable at intervals only. We think, indeed, that some reviews here printed might have been omitted with advantage, for Hood was no critic, and indeed generally contents himself with a sort of *compte rendu*, a few words of amiable approval, and a pun or two. Nor is the public taste wrong in or the whole preferring the verse to the prose. There is something in metre which seems to lend itself to the style of Hood's wit, while his undoubtedly poetical faculty made even his intentional doggerel not unpoetic. It would not do, of course, to read these verses over and over again at short intervals, because their "unexpectedness" is then lost. But after a few years, when the exact sequence has slipped the memory, how pleasant is it to read the lament "I'm not a single man," and the immortal "Distant Prospect of Clapham Academy," and the unlooked-for rescue of him who was picked up by the *Mary Ann of Shields*, and the "United Family" (perhaps one of the best of all) and the "Ballad of Sally Brown," which made Thackeray angry. And it is certainly not less pleasant because of the extremely unpretending nature of their wit. The wiseacres who have discovered that Thomas Ingoldsby was brutal, might possibly also discover that Thomas Hood was vulgar and trivial, and probably would do so. They could hardly pay their subject a greater compliment.

We must, however, conclude with a word of remonstrance mingled with our thanks to the publishers. They are certainly to be thanked for this re-issue in a more satisfactory shape than any former one of this wonderful collection of good fun and true literature. Let everybody who has not yet got Hood on his shelves go and buy it and exhaust the edition as soon as possible. And then let us have something like a "reasoned" edition, instead of the present, which we are constrained to say is very far from reasoned. No doubt the reduction to *no varietur* form of such a mass of heterogeneous work as Hood did is anything but easy. But the plan of chronological arrangement which, after the example of the original edited by Mrs. Broderip, is the one here adopted, makes these volumes—since, though possessing elaborate "contents," they are destitute of a general index—something very nearly like a clueless labyrinth. Suppose any one wants to refresh his memory as to those only too unanimous sisters who discovered to their sorrow that

We cannot all have Frederick B.

In our united family.

There is absolutely no way of doing it that we have discovered except to run eye and finger down the voluminous and promiscuous tables of contents of eleven stout volumes. But this is not all. Confusion is made worse confounded by the exception and separate issue of the pieces once issued as "Hood's Own," and by the thrusting in of the "Memorials" at the beginning of the tenth volume without rhyme or reason. As general principles for the rearrangement of some future edition, we should suggest, first, the separation of verse and prose; secondly, the arrangement of the purely serious pieces by themselves; thirdly, the classification of the lighter pieces according to subject or general character first and to date only secondarily, though, of course, the date and the original place of publication deserve noting; and, lastly, the compilation of a really exhaustive index, by which each particular piece can be traced by a reader who does not happen to know the year of its appearance. With this last even the present arrangement might stand, in default of a better; but without it the hapless reader is simply at sea. With these things, or some of these things, done; with the "Memorials" transferred to their natural place at the beginning, and followed by the bulkier and more substantial works, and with an occasional editorial note, justice would be rendered to, as it is deserved by, a very remarkable and charming writer.

MR. PARNELL'S CAREER.

COMPARED with the career of an English politician, that of Mr. Parnell is remarkable for its extreme rapidity. Ten years ago his name was absolutely unknown. To-day it is upon every lip, and his character is the topic of general discussion in both hemispheres. A brief glance at his political life will disclose how far the man and how far the cause he represents may be credited with the indubitable success which has attended him. The general election of 1874 resulted in the return to Parliament of sixty Home Rule members, under the leadership of Mr. Butt. They were a curious medley of representatives—the result of a period of change in Irish politics, when Fenianism accepted Mr. Butt as a temporary Parliamentary figure-head, but with little hope that an Irish party at Westminster could bring separation from England within even a measurable distance. Mr. Butt was the exponent of a moderate and constitutional policy which was to win for Ireland a federal arrangement under which a Parliament

assembled in Dublin, composed of Queen, Lords, and Commons, should manage the affairs of Ireland. The man who was to displace Mr. Butt and dissipate his policy had not yet entered the House of Commons when the new Parliament met in 1874.

Born in 1846, Mr. Parnell was educated privately until he entered Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he only remained two years. His mother being an American by birth and a Republican in sympathies, the young man was from infancy nurtured in an anti-English atmosphere. During the Fenian trials Mrs. Parnell was a conspicuous figure in court, and exerted herself actively in effecting the escape of many "patriots" who were "wanted" by the authorities, and on one occasion her house in Dublin was actually searched by the police. Such conditions and circumstances may or may not have had any influence upon her son's mind. It is certain that he took no active part in politics until he joined the Home Rule League in 1874. An opportunity then arose soon after the formation of Mr. Disraeli's Conservative Cabinet for making a *début*. Colonel Taylor sought re-election in the county of Dublin on accepting office, and Mr. Parnell, then High Sheriff of the county of Wicklow, came forward to contest the seat upon Home Rule principles. His defeat was inevitable, but he became a public man and enunciated some political principles. His address to the constituency is interesting as containing the earliest evidences of the Parnellite creed, and the following passages are especially noteworthy:—"Upon the great question of Home Rule I will by all means seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament upon the basis of the resolutions passed at the National Conference last November, and the principles of the Home Rule League, of which I am a member." . . . "If elected to Parliament I will give my cordial adherence to the resolutions adopted at the recent conference of Irish members, and will act independently alike of all English parties." . . . "I will earnestly endeavour to obtain for Ireland a system of education in all its branches—university, intermediate, and primary—which will deal impartially with all religious denominations, by affording to every parent the opportunity of obtaining for his child an education combined with that religious teaching of which his conscience approves." . . . "I believe security for his tenure and the fruits of his industry to be equally necessary to do justice to the tenant and to promote the prosperity of the whole community. I will therefore support such an extension of the ancient and historic tenant-right of Ulster, in all its integrity, to the other parts of Ireland, as will secure to the tenant continuous occupation at fair rents." In addition, he promised to work for "a complete and unconditional amnesty to the Fenian prisoners"—an assurance which no doubt endeared the candidate to the Fenian party. But the expression which Mr. Parnell put in the forefront of this address—"I will by all means seek the restoration to Ireland of our domestic Parliament"—is the most significant. By all means, fair or foul, scrupulous or unscrupulous, constitutional or unconstitutional, he pledged himself to the task of Repeal of the Union. How steadfastly he has kept to his purpose is now clear to all men.

After this election Mr. Parnell retired into private life. His next appearance was in the public press. Early in 1875 a vacancy occurred in Tipperary, and the notorious writer and convicted rebel, John Mitchel, came over from America to stand as a member for the county. On this occasion Mr. Parnell came before the public in a letter to the papers announcing his approbation of the course taken by Mitchel, and subscribed £50 towards the expenses of the contest. The result of that election is a matter of history. Mitchel was elected by an immense majority, but he died almost immediately after his election. His brother-in-law, political colleague, and fellow-convict, John Martin, the member for Meath, followed him to the grave within a week, and thus, on the 29th of March, 1875, another opportunity was afforded Mr. Parnell to enter into the political life of the country. There were, besides, two more candidates for the constituency of Meath, one a Conservative, the other a Home Ruler. The poll, however, resulted in a victory for Mr. Parnell, and the new member for Meath took his seat and recorded his first vote on the 22nd April, making no delay in commencing his Parliamentary duties.

Four days after he took his seat Mr. Parnell made his maiden speech, upon the Irish Coercion Bill; and he made use of one expression which is remarkable in the light of recent events. "It has been said," said Mr. Parnell, "that some half-dozen Irish landlords had given it as their opinion that without coercion they could not exercise the rights of property. What did they mean by the rights of property?" The question was almost prophetic. The whole of Mr. Parnell's career has been a crusade against the rights of property, and his very first utterance in the House of Commons proved his determination to pursue revolutionary means for revolutionary objects. After this effort the new member for Meath kept silence, and applied himself to the task of mastering the forms and procedure of the House. His chosen friend was Mr. Biggar, with whom he principally acted, and by whose side he fought persistently the battle of obstruction for the next three years. It was not until 1879 that Mr. Parnell confessed that the idea of revolutionizing the House of Commons from its own centre was not his own. Early in that year, at a meeting of the Home Rule League in Dublin, Mr. Butt was solemnly impeached by the "party of exasperation," as the old man called the new Parnellite junta. Mr. Parnell spoke on that occasion as follows:—"I wish to explain in a few words what I wish Mr. Butt and the Irish party to do. The late Mr. Ronayne, M.P., it was who said to me, and to a good many others, that the Irish

party would never be heard in the House of Commons until they took an interest in English Imperial questions. He used to say that as long as you keep bringing forward a Land Bill or the franchise question they will not care anything about you. They will perhaps listen, or perhaps they will not. On any occasion they will come in with a large number of members to vote you down. Depend upon it, it is for some of you young men of the party who have time and health and strength to go into these questions and take up these Bills and discuss them in detail, and show that, if you are not allowed to govern yourselves, you can at least help them in governing England." How Mr. Parnell carried out this plan of operations is matter of history. The rank and file of the Home Rulers partook of Mr. Butt's horror and repugnance to a scheme which they held involved a revolutionary programme, and would have to be finally supplemented by rebellion in the field. Only a few of the Irish party adopted the idea; but the eager enthusiasm with which the new departure was received by the Fenian masses out of doors proved beyond all doubt that it was regarded as an important move in the war against England. Upon the Prisons Bill Mr. Parnell made a beginning; but it was upon the election of members to sit upon Committees on private Bills that the new weapon of obstruction was first tried in earnest. The result was a sitting till five o'clock in the morning. Throughout the Session of 1876 no opportunity was lost in the Estimates of obstructing the business of the House, and Mr. Parnell further distinguished himself by speaking strongly in favour of the release of the Fenian prisoners. He went further, and took an opportunity of declaring to the House that he never did believe, and never would, that any murder had been committed at Manchester when Kelly and Deasy, the Fenians, were rescued, and Sergeant Brett was shot dead in the police-van. By such sympathetic touches did a thoroughly unsympathetic man win the affections of the disaffected. The result of Mr. Parnell's action in the House was that at the end of the Session he was elected Vice-Chairman of the Home Rule Confederation of Great Britain, a body which represented the views of the most advanced Irish politicians in the English towns where the Irish vote was powerful. During the autumn of 1876 Mr. Parnell, accompanied by Mr. O'Connor Power, M.P., was deputed by a mass meeting in Dublin to proceed to America, in order to present the President of the United States with an address from the Irish nation congratulating the Americans on the centenary of their Declaration of Independence. But the affair ended in a fiasco, President Grant refusing to receive the address. During the Sessions of 1877-8, notwithstanding the remonstrances of Mr. Butt, the obstructionists proceeded in their campaign against English business with the greatest energy, and Mr. Biggar added a new terror to Parliamentary life by his practice of indiscriminate "blocking." The South African Confederation Bill, in 1877, produced unparalleled scenes of excitement, and was the cause of Sir Stafford Northcote's first series of Resolutions dealing with the Rules of Procedure. Mr. Parnell wrote to the *Times* justifying his conduct as a member of Parliament, and predicting that, "whatever else future Parliaments may have to reckon with, they will most certainly have to reckon with the active participation of Irish members in their business, whether they like it or no." Mr. Butt took an early opportunity of calling a meeting of his party, and denouncing obstruction as mere revolutionary warfare. But it was evident that his days as a leader were already numbered. After the Session was over, a great demonstration was held in Dublin in honour of Mr. Parnell and Mr. Biggar. Mr. Butt was denounced, and Mr. Parnell extolled. Indeed, the new leader's policy was skilfully laid down. It was capable of being excused, and even defended by argument, before an English audience; while, on the other hand, it could be described before an Irish assembly as a courageous, bold, and national Irish policy. Meanwhile Mr. Parnell had come to several distinct conclusions during his two years' experience of the House of Commons. The first was, that the atmosphere of the lobbies was most injurious to Irish members who wished to obtain office or social position in England or Ireland. He saw that the only men who could be depended upon to make themselves consistently obnoxious to the English Parliament were men of inferior social position. These might form an entirely foreign body in the English Senate, which would rankle as a foreign substance more and more, as time went on, and which, impervious to English feeling and English etiquette, contradicting all the ancient and honoured traditions of the House, would impede and straiten in its action the whole procedure of the House of Commons. Armed with a body of men of this description, Mr. Parnell knew by experience that he could hamper every proceeding of the English Parliament, and that he could offer to the English people the choice between the disintegration and revolution of their own Legislature, and the restoration of an Irish one. He had succeeded in the first; he now attacked the second object. At the end of the Session of 1878 Mr. Parnell's position was assured. He was recognized as a formidable power in the House by the English members; whilst the Irish members foresaw in him Mr. Butt's successor. The new Parliamentary tactics were approved by the masses of disaffected Irish, who only waited an opportunity to prove their devotion to so successful an enemy of England. In 1879 Mr. Butt was formally impeached as a deserter to the cause of Irish nationality, and he died soon afterwards, leaving his young rival in undisputed possession of the field.

With the Session of 1879 Mr. Parnell entered upon the most important epoch of his political career. Two months before

Michael Davitt had arrived in Ireland, and was busily engaged in organizing the new departure in what he called Irish practical politics, but which was in fact Irish Revolution. At what exact time Mr. Davitt and Mr. Parnell became acquainted is uncertain. It has been said, indeed, that for a long time Mr. Parnell was averse to allying himself with the returned Fenian. Facts soon became too strong for him. While Davitt was organizing in the province, the Parliamentary party were engaged in obtaining the final dismissal of Mr. Butt, who had long been a stumbling-block to their new policy of exasperation. That for a long time Mr. Parnell was unwilling to accept the crusade against landlords as the solution of the land question, and the beginning of future revolution, is quite evident from his speeches. His idea seems to have been to begin an agitation in England. As late as the 17th of April he held back, but soon after that date he must have given in his complete adhesion to Michael Davitt's scheme. On the 20th of April the first fruits of the organization became evident in the meeting held at Irishtown, Co. Mayo. From that date the anti-rent agitation commenced to spread throughout the country; and on the 8th of June at Westport Mr. Parnell publicly adopted the policy recommended by the new school of Fenians, and raised the question of the rights of property in land as a short cut to the question of separation. It was at this meeting that he advised the people to "keep a firm grip on your homesteads and lands," and gave the weight of his name to the principle of non-payment of rent. It is unnecessary to recapitulate the history of the Land League movement. Its head was Mr. Parnell, its heart was Mr. Davitt, and its impetus was first Fenianism and subsequently Mr. Gladstone's Government. Whilst inside the walls of St. Stephen's the man who took the oath of allegiance to the Sovereign attracted the attention and admiration of Irishmen by endeavouring to bring Parliament to a deadlock, the ticket-of-leave Fenian convict was reorganizing the old Fenian conspiracy under a new name. The land question was seized as a means of bringing the question of separation to the front, and of consolidating and strengthening the forces of Irish revolution. Towards the end of the year 1879 the schemes of Davitt became more and more obvious. The distress in Connaught had first been given as a reason for a demand for the general reduction of rent. The next step was to demand the expropriation of those whose right it was to claim rent. Finally, the obligation of all rent was denied. The land was made by God for the people, and they who tilled should alone be the owners. So violent did the language of the agitators become that Government at last arrested the leaders, and Mr. Parnell explained that the strike against rent and the refusal to take farms were merely a means to an end, and that end was the compulsory sale of all landed property in Ireland to the occupiers. At the close of the year 1879 Mr. Parnell started for America, ostensibly in order to collect money for the relief of Irish distress. His speeches prove that his ulterior object was the conciliation of the American-Irish revolutionists.

His utterances were so calculated as to secure the support of all classes of the Celtic population, but especially the Fenians. He stated at Pittston that "a power would spring up in Ireland which would sweep away not only the land system, but the infamous Government that maintained it"; while at Cincinnati he made the striking declaration "None of us, whether we be in America or in Ireland, or wherever we may be, will be satisfied until we have destroyed the last link which keeps Ireland bound to England." Mr. Parnell did undoubtedly collect money for charitable purposes, but he also laid the foundation of a Land League organization in America, from which has flowed a perennial stream of sedition-breeding gold during the last two years. The dissolution of Parliament brought back the member for Meath to Ireland in haste. On arriving at Cork he found himself elected for three constituencies, and leader of a powerful Irish party. What followed, every one knows. The events of the past three years are so fresh in the memory of the public, that it is almost unnecessary to go into the details of Mr. Parnell's more recent political career. The Land League agitation, the reign of anarchy in Ireland, the State prosecutions, the passing of the Coercion Act, the suspension of the Irish members, the arrest of Mr. Parnell, the No-Rent Manifesto, the Kilmainham Treaty, and the Phoenix Park murders, all followed in quick succession. The more scandalous the conduct of Irish members in Parliament, the greater became their popularity out of doors. The Land Bill of 1881 was spurned by the Nationalist party, and no measure of justice or conciliation has altered by one jot the anti-English attitude of Mr. Parnell's followers. The chief claim to the confidence of the Irish people which Mr. Parnell possesses is the fact that his personal strength has been mainly displayed in an unbending and imperious determination to lead a distinctly foreign party in the House of Commons, which should be completely under his own control.

SAVATE, BOXE, AND CANNE.

WE hear a good deal from superficial visitors to Paris of the inability of Frenchmen to use their fists, but little or nothing of the extraordinary capacity they have developed for turning their feet to account in a street row. We confess that we often fall into rapt contemplation before a Frenchman's foot, considering the strange potentialities for complicated assault and battery that lie dormant within it. It would be

curious, but would lead us too far from the object we have in view, to speculate on the possibility of the varied powers of the French foot having been brought forth owing to the eminently unfavourable conditions, as far as luxury is concerned, which surround it. The deadly struggle in which it is at all times engaged with that terrible instrument of torture the French boot may have fostered in it an almost superhuman strength and fertility of resource. This much we may add, by way of analogy, that the art of painting has flourished most when its exponents have been most persecuted and cut off from worldly enjoyments; and this may hold good with regard to the "art de la savate" and the French foot. The average foreigner visiting Paris for a short time has not much opportunity for studying this art unless he goes to the "salles" where it is practised; for one rarely sees it employed in the common street rows in the better known quarters of the town, where disputes seldom go beyond the exchange of strange oaths and fierce sayings, or, if a blow be struck, the recipient of it is apt to be so overcome at the idea of a personal indignity being offered him that he surrenders himself to the consideration of his wounded pride and weeps. But it is far otherwise in the worse parts of Paris, where "Bec-salé" and "Couteau de chasse" are ready to unfold all the mysteries of the art to an admiring ring on the hint of a quarrel. The "savatier" has four natural weapons at his disposition, the feet and the fists, which however play a relatively subordinate part in an assault. In falling on guard, the position of the legs is more like the attitude adopted in fencing than that which is taken by the English boxer, with this difference, that the left foot is advanced instead of the right. The arms are advanced straight in front of the body, with the fists clenched and the nails turned downward. This would appear to an English boxer thinking only of the fists, head, and body, an exceptionally good position to attack, and he would in all probability attempt to step in to one side and deliver a blow at the head. This is one of the savatier's best opportunities; he ducks with the head and shoulders, and delivers a smart "coup sec" with the foot on the boxer's shins, with the almost inevitable result, if the contest be in earnest, of breaking the leg. The parry for this blow—or, we should say, kick—if, instead of a "savatier" and a boxer, we have two "savatiers" in front of each other, is made by smartly raising the knee of the menaced leg perpendicularly and riposting with a quick downward movement somewhat in front of the body. But the most interesting and effective "coups" are without doubt those delivered at long distance, for "in-fighting," which fills a conspicuous place in the study of boxing, becomes a very "one-horse" affair in "savate" practice, and indeed is exceedingly apt to degenerate into a mere scramble. While we are still on the subject of "in-fighting," it may be as well to describe the manner in which the fists are used by the "savatier." "Le coup de poing droit" is given as in "la boxe," of which we shall have to speak later on, by drawing the elbow back as far as it will go behind the body, from which position the arm is shot out straight with a sharp jerk; the position of the fist is the same as that which is adopted in delivering a cross-counter in English boxing. The "coup de poing de revers" is simply a violent backhand. The parries used are much the same as those practised in England; but it should be remembered that they are more often required to guard a kick than a hit, and that, moreover, as far as an attack with the fists is concerned, the "savatier" can counter with the foot with crushing effect. It is no pleasant thing to be "timed" as you hit out by a sharp kick on the arms or wrist.

To turn to "out-fighting," we here find the "savatier" at his best, with everything in his favour and with great resources at his command. Under these conditions he has an enormous advantage over the boxer pure and simple; he has a longer reach and a greater number of points at his command. The simplest of his methods of attack—a straight kick up in front, hitting the opponent under the chin—will need no explanation to those who have seen Mr. Fred Vokes' dance; the remaining attacks are somewhat more complicated. The first of these "coups" is made in the following way. We will suppose that the blow is to be given with the left leg. This being the case, the body is swung well to the right, the "savatier" standing on the toes of the right foot, the knee of the right leg is slightly bent, the arms are swung downwards to facilitate the movement, and the left foot is aimed sideways at the head or pelvis of the opponent as opportunity may offer. This is probably the most effective blow that can be delivered. The most unexpected and startling attack at the "savatier's" disposition bears some analogy to the "botte du Napolitain" in the old Italian school of fence, of the execution of which Théophile Gautier has given such a brilliant description in *Le Capitaine Fracasse*. The "savatier" suddenly throws himself on his hands, kicking up from behind with inconceivable rapidity; it seems to his antagonist as if he had suddenly gone down a trapdoor, from which a "coup de pied" is shot out at the same moment. It may appear simple to catch his ankle in the hand before he has time to send the blow home; it is, as a matter of fact, no easy matter, and should one succeed in doing it, the "savatier" kicks smartly over the extended leg, delivering a telling blow on his opponent's wrist. All these attacks admit of various modifications, and some very nasty hits may be delivered as the "savatier" jumps off the ground. An assault between two good men is a very lively affair. The men turn cautiously round each other, trying to find an opening; after the first attack is made there appears to be no end to the variety of the movements they execute. The blows follow each other with

the rapidity of cartridges fired from a repeating rifle; it becomes well nigh impossible to tell when the men are standing on their heels or on their hands; one becomes perfectly bewildered between "coups de pied en avant" and "coups de pied en arrière"; should one of the combatants approach his head too near to his adversary, the "coup de poing de masse," a straight downward blow, is delivered with a peculiarly "squelching" effect. The skill and cunning displayed are fully equal to what may be witnessed in a good sparring match; and we have said enough to show that the practice of "la savate" affords ample scope for violent exercise. Considered, in comparison with boxing, as a method of attack, there can be no greater mistake made than for a boxer to suppose that the "savatier" is an easy person to deal with—we know of more than one first-rate boxer who has come to Paris thinking to make short work of the "savatiers," and who has returned to London a well-drubbed and a sadder man. In the open, a boxer has practically no chance of approaching a skilful "savatier"; in a small enclosed space, however, the tables are turned, provided the boxer is clever enough to pin his man in a corner at the first rush.

Besides "la savate," we have "la boxe anglaise," apparently so called only because the feet are not used. An assault "à la boxe anglaise" is a sorry sight to any one who cares for English boxing. It is strange that the French, who have made all the movements in fencing so exquisitely simple and direct, should, in almost all other sports, attach so much importance to needless flourishes and showy movements. In "la boxe" they are terribly given to warlike attitudes and wild gesticulations. The men seem to fall naturally into the attitudes of David's Roman warriors, which may be striking but are certainly out of place. The hits are more often delivered round than straight from the shoulder, and end with a snatching action which prevents them from telling, and which rapidly tires the arm. Body blows can hardly be said to exist, and, in fact, hard knocks form the only argument which will convince the average Frenchman that a blow in the body may possibly hurt. The arts of guarding and counteracting are imperfectly understood, and the right hand is habitually used for attacking with instead of the left. In short, as far as we have seen, "la boxe anglaise" is in a very elementary condition in Paris. Turning to "la canne," which is the French equivalent to the English singlestick, we find that the same general tendencies are apparent—useless flourishes and exaggerated movements being the rule. To begin with, the execution of "moulinets," which is so dear to the heart of most Frenchmen, has a morbid fascination for the French swordsman, from which he appears to be wholly unable to escape. The "moulinet" is, for example, often used in beginning an attack, with consequent loss of time and exposure of the body. It is needless to add that it is at all times useless and dangerous. The old-fashioned English position is taken in falling on guard—the "high seconde" being, as far as we have been able to see, quite unknown. The blow delivered on the top of the head, which is familiar to all singlestick players, and which makes such an admirable counter for a cut at the leg, appears to be only used as a simple attack, and very rarely. Another marked disadvantage of the French method, as compared with the English, consists in the fact that, in avoiding cuts at the leg, the French swordsman throws out the leg some distance behind the foot on which he stands. In the Manual adopted by the Minister of the Navy we find this movement described as follows:—"Les coups portés sur la jambe ou la cuisse ne sont pas parés avec le sabre, mais bien en échappant, c'est à dire en portant vivement la jambe droite tendue en arrière, le pied à environ 33 cm, le talon en l'air"; the author of this work adds that blows aimed directly at the head may be parried in the same manner, "en arrêtant l'avant-bras, pour plus de sûreté, par un enlevé à droite." It may be well to add that an "enlevé" means a circle described by the stick with the wrist as centre—the arm being held straight out before one. In fact, the whole practice of "la canne" appears to be based on the traditions of quarterstaff play, which to this day forms an important part of the French soldier's exercise. To return to the French methods of attack, we find that one of their favourite cuts is "le coup de banderole," which is delivered diagonally at the shoulder—the parry for this cut is nearly the same as the parry of prime in fencing when it is used against an attack in a low line, and followed by a cut over. In conclusion, we may add that any one acquainted with Mr. Waite's admirable method of single-stick should be able to make short work of the French *sabreurs*.

TWO MEN.

IN Mario and Richard Doyle the world has lost two representative men. Doyle was a caricaturist who, in his time, was eminent. Mario was the greatest singer of his generation, and in some ways the finest and rarest artist who ever graced the lyric stage. Both, however, were of the past. It is long since the draughtsman tired of modern life and the world as it is, and betook himself—though the public declined to follow him, and barely acknowledged the fact of his departure—to life in the world of fancy. It is years ago that Mario, playing as even he had not often played before, broke for the last time Fernando's knightly sword, and quitted for good and all the scene, of which he had been king. But they were both remembered with admiration and respect, each after his kind and in his degree; and it will not

be improper to attempt an estimate of their peculiar qualities, and to note what manner of men they were.

Mario it was who was once described in one of those instants of luminous apprehension which are the fortune of none but true poets as "one of the triumphs of the male sex." The phrase is imaginative and daring, but it is also appropriate and just. He was the most richly and completely endowed of lyric artists. He was eminently handsome; his air, his manner, his breeding, his appearance were perfect; he had genius, and he had—what is even rarer than genius—the quality of supreme distinction. His voice, says Théophile Gautier, "a true tenor, goes up to chest B, and even to the *ut de poitrine*"; "He will live in the world's memory," says Chorley, "as the best opera Lover ever seen." His charm was irresistible; he had the great gifts of passion and a commanding amiability, so that his audiences were not admirers only, but near and loving friends as well. The secret of his power was in a certain splendid and gracious simplicity. His character was the reverse of complex; he was interesting by sheer force of completeness. He attracted, not because of his unlikeness to his fellow-men, but because he was an ideal which most of his fellow-men would have been glad to approach. He was only peculiar, in one word, as the type of a certain order of perfection; as a culmination of certain elementary qualities—beauty, elegance, sweetness, the capacity of love, the enchantment of heroic and romantic youth. That was the effect he produced; for his art was the direct and unsophisticated expression of his genius, and of the rare and beautiful personality which was for so much therein. In what he did there was little or nothing of the modern attribute of mystery, there was little or nothing transcendental and remote; there were no infinite meanings nor suggestions of things unutterable and only half-perceived; it was all clear and lucid and direct, all sunny and beautiful and complete, like Delaunay's acting, like the art of the Greeks. At his lips the simpler and larger passions, the great unities of sentiment, the more natural and inevitable qualities of life and temper, alone found utterance. It is conceivable that he would have made little or nothing of the mental complications, the tortured individualities, the emotional and intellectual ingenuity of Tannhäuser and Siegfried; but how much he made of the wrath and love of Raoul, the despairing loyalty of Fernando, the desperate ambition of John of Leyden! How full of passion and of charm were *Don Pasquale* and the *Elisir d'Amore* when he sang them! how beautiful his Faust, and how heroic and unhappy his Gennaro and his Edgar of Ravenswood! What an irresistible and perfect cavalier he made of Almaviva! In his hands even Pollio became interesting and in some sort admirable, while the poor creature who does duty as a hero in the *Traviata* ceased from being contemptible, and seemed touched with all manner of generous and romantic conditions. Most of these have been played and sung since he retired; but to have seen him in any one of them is to have an ideal which none of his successors has found approachable. In some we have good singing enough, in others we have good enough operatic acting. But with Mario the reality of their romance departed. We listen and criticize and applaud where before we were constrained to believe and feel. The substance has disappeared, and the essentials with it; what is left is only the pale reflection of a glory that has been, but is no more.

Mario began as the most highly-gifted of amateurs; he ended as the most accomplished of artists. In the beginning he could not act at all; and, for all the quality and range of his voice, his singing, to an age which knew Malibran and Rubini, and Sontag and Lablache, could hardly have seemed remarkable. But he had genius, and he was born an artist as the nightingale is born a nightingale; and his success, at first only partial, was in the end complete. In his youth he had served in the Piedmontese army, and sang in many drawing-rooms; and he was six-and-twenty ere the want of money and the necessity of a career obliged him to take to the stage. He studied for some time under Bordogni; and then, obtaining an engagement from the great Duponchel, he appeared at the Grand Opera in *Robert le Diable*. In no great while he succeeded to the Théâtre Italien, and there and at Her Majesty's he sang from 1839 till 1846, with ever-increasing reputation and ever-developing art. He was one of that immortal quadrilateral of song whose other sides were Grisi and Tamburini and Lablache. As a voice, and as a presence and a charm, he was always irresistible; but he had not begun to be a great emotional actor, and it was not until after the retreat under Sir Michael Costa from Her Majesty's and the establishment of the Royal Italian Opera at Covent Garden, that he ventured to essay himself in the heroic parts he was presently to make his own—the Fernando of *La Favorita*, the Raoul of *The Huguenots*, the John of Leyden of *The Prophète*, and so on—or that he began to be recognized, not only as Rubin's heir, but as a master of passion and a great artist in style. He sang in London until the end, which came in 1867. His voice was already a memory and a regret. He had never spared himself in the public service; and for some seasons ere he retired he had had nothing to depend upon but his art as a singer—his method, his style, his capacity of emotional expression, and his admirable and beautiful talent as an actor. Since then he had occupied himself with archaeology and philology and the care of the museum of which (in 1867) he was appointed curator. Off the stage as on, he was still the representative of gallant and romantic youth; in the theatre they called him the Prince; he gave and spent as Mario as splendidly as he gave and spent as Roberto and Almaviva; and he quitted the stage a poor man. Twice the public to whom he had made himself so

dear subscribed for his needs; and once, the old magnificent unthriftiness about him still, he flung away his capital, and was royally penniless once more. He delighted in pictures, in music, in art of every sort; he was a noble gentleman, a charming companion, an excellent friend; he kept his beauty to the last. His life had been triumphant and full beyond the lot of all but the most fortunate, and the memory he leaves is singularly kindly and beautiful. *Ultimus Romanorum*. He is the last of his race. In him the line of the great artists in lyrical romance has come to an end.

The fortune and repute of Richard Doyle were not nearly so splendid; his genius (he had a touch of genius) was nothing like so great. He was an excellent craftsman; he had an abundance of humour; his invention was copious in fact, and peculiar in kind; he was original both in style and effect. He was the caricaturist of crowds. He was never so happy as in dealing with great concourses. They are all made up of many groups, all surprisingly rich in individual character, and all diverting in detail and ensemble alike. He was one of the many wits who made the *Punch* of old times the remarkable print we know. To it he contributed his best and freshest work. His is the title-page itself—in all probability the most familiar design of modern times; his are innumerable vignettes and chapter-headings and initials; his is the series of the famous *Manners and Customs of ye Englyshe*; his the record in drawing of the travels of "Brown, Jones, and Robinson"; his are a world of pleasant grotesques and spirited inventions—social, political, fanciful—besides. When the first of Mr. Pips his contributions made its appearance, it produced, we are told, a kind of sensation. It depicted the Cyder Cellars after the play; a crowd of cads and men about town; a world of bottles, glasses, pewters, pipes, cigars; a little man at a piano; and in the background, in a sort of pulpit, the original Sam Hall in the act of delivering his tremendous ditty. Where are the Cyder Cellars now? Where is Sam Hall? Where are Warrington and Foker and Pendennis and the rest of the company who came to listen and look on? Where is the master-poet of those remote experiences, where is Thackeray himself? *Où sont les neiges d'antan?* It is the same with the inventions of Richard Doyle. They are of the past; and for all their abundant vivacity and humour, for all the quickness of perception and the excellent capacity of representation displayed in them, they are not nearly so interesting to the men of 1883 as they were to the men of 1849. The picture of the Cyder Cellars is said, as we have noted, to have made a sensation. It is, however, not a whit better or cleverer than the rest of the series. In all it is evident that Doyle is master of his subject and his craft; in all there is some quirk of fancy, some excellent touch of observation, some happy trick of gesture or grouping, some felicity of insight or invention. The artist has followed society into all its haunts, and noted its oddities with unfailing accuracy and skill. Each of his pictures contains a multitude of whimsical observations, touched with caricature, but of the substance of truth, charged with a certain sort of fun, but with a good sound basis of nature and reality. It is the same in some sort with the *Bird's-Eye Views of Society* which Doyle contributed years afterwards to the *Cornhill*. They are less sensational than the early works of Mr. Pips, and they are not so humorous or so daring. But they are quite as clever, and quite as true to life and manners. We prefer the Doyle of these pleasant pasquinades to the Doyle of *Brown, Jones, and Robinson*, and the illustrations to *The Newcomes*. It must be owned, however, that in *Brown, Jones, and Robinson* there is plenty of good fun and plenty of healthy amusement, and that in *The Newcomes* the picture of the Marquess of Farintosh dancing with Ethel is no more to be forgotten than the best comedy of the book itself. It was fortunate for Doyle that in *Punch* he found so good a platform and so many irresistible incitements to preach from. He resigned his place and his opportunities for reasons which every one must respect. But the step, however honourable, was the reverse of fortunate. The illustrations of *The Newcomes* and *The Bird's-Eye Views* were subsequent to his retirement, it is true; and so was other excellent work of his. But in this age of red-hot publicity and incessant production, to cease from continuous noise is to cease from notoriety. This was unhappily the case with Richard Doyle. He exhibited to the last; but his exhibits attracted but little attention. His fame was a generation old; and at his death the other day he was remembered only of the few. Of the many works of Mr. Pips themselves were not more completely forgotten than their author. This was unjust, of course; but justice is hardly a public virtue.

THE NEW YORK THEATRES.

THE theatrical season in New York began with great brilliancy this autumn, and bid fair to be one of the most memorable in the annals of the American stage. There were to be strong stock companies at the Union Square and Madison Square Theatres, at Wallack's and Daly's Theatres, and at the Standard and Fifth Avenue Theatres. Two new places of amusement, the Casino and the Bijou Opera House, were to be devoted to comic opera, French and German. The Star Theatre, the chief of the "combination" houses, was to be graced by the performances of Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the company of the London Lyceum Theatre; and Mr. Booth was announced to make his appearance at the same theatre

shortly after their departure. Mr. Joseph Jefferson was to present a new character. A visit was expected from a fine French *opéra bouffe* company; and the admirable German company at the local German house, the Thalia Theater, promised Frau Geistinger in place of Frau Gallmeyer, who had headed the troupe last year. And, most important of all in the estimation of many, a second Italian opera was to take possession of an ample and massive opera house which had been built at the expense of an association of the very wealthiest of the many wealthy New Yorkers. These promises and prognostications have been fulfilled fairly well. Mr. Irving, Miss Terry, and the Lyceum company have come to New York, they have been seen, and they have conquered. Now they have gone, and the theatre where they acted—after having been contaminated by a fortnight's clowning and horse-play—is now occupied by Mr. Booth, who is presenting *Hamlet*, *King Lear*, *Richelieu*, and *The Fool's Revenge*. As yet no definite announcement has been made in regard to his joint appearances with Mr. Irving as Othello and Iago; but there is a general desire that this friendly rivalry may fitly finish the month that Mr. Irving and his company again devote to New York before their return to England in May.

The French *opéra bouffe* company was headed by Mlle. Aimée, who is that very rare creature, a female comedian, a woman with the sense of humour strongly developed. At the Thalia Frau Geistinger has been acting and singing in *Der Bettel-Student* of Herr Millöcker, and an adaptation of this German operetta is the attraction at the Casino. The new character in which Mr. Joseph Jefferson was to act turned out to be an old character. It was Caleb Plummer in *The Cricket on the Hearth*. The dramatization of the story used by Mr. Jefferson was his own modification of Albert Smith's version—a version in which he had the aid of Dickens; it is not as symmetrical or as logical a play as the dramatization prepared by Mr. Boucicault and called *Dot*, in the original performance of which in New York nearly a quarter of a century ago Mr. Jefferson took part as Caleb Plummer. The simplicity and the sincerity of Mr. Jefferson's performance, the kindly humour of it and the gentle pathos, the honest sentiment, never tainted by sentimentality, the artistic richness and the certainty of execution—all these united to perfect a picture which it were worth a writer's voyage across the Atlantic to contemplate. *The Cricket on the Hearth* was followed every evening by *Lend Me Five Shillings*, in which Mr. Jefferson has appeared in London. In his hands Mr. Golightly is almost worthy to be ranked with M. Coquelin's Mascarille in the *Précieuses Ridicules*, a masterpiece of triumphant and exultant fun. The revival of *The Cricket on the Hearth*, of *Lend Me Five Shillings*, and of *The Rivals*—in which Mr. Jefferson appeared as Bob Acres last winter—is evidence of his desire to get away from *Rip van Winkle*; it is understood that he has in readiness for performance in New York Colman's *Poor Gentleman*, in which he will appear as Dr. Ollapod. Of the company which supported him the less said the better; the most competent of the assisting comedians were Mr. Jefferson's son, who appears as Sam in the farce, and his sister, Mrs. (Cordelia) Jackson, who acts Tilly Slowboy with a bewildered earnestness and absolute identification with the character most artistic and most enjoyable.

These performances of Mr. Jefferson were given during the autumn at the Union Square Theatre, to which the regular company has now returned, and in which an American revision of Mr. Buchanan's *Storm Beaten* has recently been given. But the English *Storm Beaten* has failed to find favour in the eyes of American playgoers at the Union Square, just as the English *In the Ranks* has failed to find favour at the Standard, as the French *Stranglers of Paris* has failed to find favour at the New Park Theatre, and as the French *Duke's Motto* failed to find favour at the Fifth Avenue. Mrs. (Agnes) Booth, one of the most finished and accomplished comedy actresses of the United States, wasted her talents in the *Stranglers of Paris*; and Mr. Charles Coghlan, a comedian of great skill, failed wholly to give to *The Duke's Motto* the dash and romance and vigour which that now rather worn-out drama demands. Altogether the best and most interesting performances to be seen in New York at this time of writing are *The Rajah*, at the Madison Square Theatre, and *Dollars and Sense*, at Daly's Theatre. The Madison Square is the beautiful theatre which has the double stage, and which appeals for its audience to the truly good—not to say the goody-good. It was at the Madison Square that Mrs. Burnett's *Esmeralda*, produced at the St. James's as *Young Folks' Ways*, was acted for some three hundred nights. Mr. Steele Mackaye's *Hazel Kirke* had previously been acted there for more than four hundred nights, and Mr. Bronson Howard's *Young Mrs. Winthrop* for more than two hundred nights. Nothing has ever been known to fail at the Madison Square save one hapless adaptation from the French. *The Rajah* is a comedy in four acts, by Mr. William Young, hitherto known only as the author of *Pendragon*, an Arthurian tragedy, acted by Mr. Lawrence Barrett. As the work of an American author, written for an American theatre, *The Rajah* is enfeebled by the laying of its scene in England; but Americans have none of the horror of other lands with which the London manager credits the English people, and which induces the London manager to have all foreign plays—French or German or American—"adapted" and Anglicized. Apart from this, *The Rajah* is an innocent and innocuous little play, deriving its colour and its charm wholly from the delightful and amusing pair of young ladies who stroll through the four acts,

teasing, laughing, crying, quarrelling, making up, making love, and, in general, comporting themselves in the most "girly" way possible. An American critic has distinctly declared it as his solemn opinion, professionally delivered, that the success of *The Rajah* was due wholly to the "girliness of its girls." It is only fair to note that Mr. Young strengthened and stiffened his light and lively little comedy by a backbone of serious interest, much in the way that M. Sardou gave weight to his *Pattes de Mouche* (known in English as the *Scrap of Paper*), by the looming figure of the fiercely jealous husband. The other amusing play, *Dollars and Sense*, at Daly's Theatre, also owes much of its success to the brilliant company by which it is acted, and especially to Miss Ada Rehan, a young comic actress with a style of her own; she excels in the portrayal of that extraordinary entity, known to all students of the International Novel as the American Girl. For the play itself not much need be said; it is a lively trifle, based on a farce by Herr Adolf l'Arronge, and owing most of its point and effect to the skill of Mr. Augustus Daly, who is wont to take a German play as the starting-point of his own. "A German comedy," says George Eliot in one of her essays contributed to the *Westminster Review*, and recently collected in America, "is like a German sentence; you see no reason in its structure why it should ever come to an end, and you accept the conclusion as an arrangement of Providence rather than of the author." Mr. Daly has curbed this Teutonic redundancy; but, in spite of his condensation of its incidents, the story of the play is still sprawling. A word of praise is due to Mr. Daly's admirable dialogue, which is not a compound of impertinent chop logic and verbal fireworks, but the humorous expression of character and situation, losing its effect when separated from its context.

Perhaps the rivalry of the two opera houses has been provocative of more laughter than any comedy acted in New York this season, and of more tears than any tragedy. The possession of an opera-box is regarded in New York as an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. But the number of desirable boxes in the Academy of Music was strictly limited, and those in possession thereof refused to part with their certificate of high social standing. After a while the millionaires who were left out in the cold and deprived of the Italian opera, which they then looked upon as the badge of all their tribe, combined to build an opera house of their own; and open war was declared. The old Academy of Music is a comfortable building, which lights up brilliantly when filled by a fashionable audience, and which has excellent acoustic qualities. The new Metropolitan Opera House is a solid and substantial theatre, a little larger than *La Scala*, hitherto the largest opera house in the world. It is built as massively as the *Opéra* in Paris, to which it has a certain superficial resemblance, although it wholly lacks the grace and style of that typical monument of French cleverness. One is inclined to say that the constructor was a better engineer than architect; and, when a view is had of the interior, one is inclined to add that he is a better architect than he is a decorator. The new Metropolitan Opera House does not as yet light up as well as the old Academy of Music; and as yet its acoustic qualities are a little uncertain. Between the companies no comparison is possible, that at the new house being immeasurably superior. At the old Academy of Music Mr. Mapleson is the manager, with Signor Arditi as his leader. He has in his company Mme. Patti, Mme. Gerster, and Signor Galassi—and the rest is silence. His performances are somewhat slovenly; much what used to be seen at the *Italiens*, in Paris, in the days of its decadence. The manager of the Metropolitan Opera House is Mr. Abbey, who also manages Mr. Irving in America, the Lyceum Theatre in London, a theatre in Boston, and another theatre in New York. His leader is Signor Vianesi, and his company includes Mme. Nilsson, Mme. Sembrich, Mme. Valleria, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mme. Trebelli, Mme. Scalchi, Signor Campanini, Signor Stagno, M. Capoul, Signor del Puente, and Signor Novara, with Mme. Cavalazzi to lead the ballet. Mr. Abbey has an allowance of 30,000^l. from the stockholders for the mounting of ten operas, and his scenery and costumes are on a corresponding scale of magnificence. Between the two operas is a Kilkeenny-cat rivalry, in which the new house has hitherto had decidedly the best of it.

The theatres of New York are, for the most part, commodious and handsome. Some of them are decorated with a lavish disregard of expense; of these the Madison Square is the most tastefully beautiful and the Casino—a new *opéra bouffe* theatre in the Moorish style—the most gorgeous. All of them, or nearly all of them, are well ventilated, being in this respect as far superior to the theatres of London as the theatres of London are superior to the theatres of Paris—where, indeed, certain boxes are not in vain called *baignoires*. In the admirably-planned theatre erected by Mr. Edwin Booth, and now unfortunately torn down, there were special openings under each seat for the constant supply of a gentle current of fresh air. At Booth's Theatre it was possible to sit out a five-act tragedy without a headache. Even more elaborate devices are used in the Madison Square Theatre, and the fresh air there supplied is slightly warmed in winter and in summer carefully chilled by passing through an ice-chest. As the use of the electric light becomes more and more general, and gas is altogether banished from the play-house, both before the curtain and behind the scenes, the atmosphere of the theatre will become far pleasanter. The Casino has broad French windows on its upper tier, opening on a wide terraced roof, dotted with refreshment-tables, where a visitor may sit in summer, and dine or sup while listening

to the music far below. The only theatre in New York in which the ventilation is thoroughly bad, and in which the spectator has at times the unpleasant sense of suffocation, only too frequent in Europe, is the Standard.

As the inspectors who have to pass on the plans and pass on the work done in all new buildings in New York are now attached to a bureau of the Fire Department, and therefore directly under the control of those who have made a special study of the causes and conditions of fires in places of amusement, the theatres of New York are very carefully guarded against all danger of fire. Wisely believing, however, that it is well-nigh impossible to prevent the stage, with its mass of highly inflammable material in close proximity to blazing and multitudinous lights in a heated atmosphere, from catching fire now and then, the Fire Department has expended its best energies on the attempt to secure the lives of the audience even though the theatre burn to the ground. Every effort is made to isolate the stage from the auditorium. A brick wall pierced only by the proscenium arch—and by two or three small doors always lined with iron—rising from the foundations quite through the roof separates the part of the theatre most likely to burn from the part in which the audience is seated. In the roof over the stage are two large skylights hinged to drop open whenever the cord which holds them catches fire; it is believed that the opening of these windows in the roof—which would be automatic in the case of fire—would offer an outlet or flue for the flames which, rushing fiercely up, would consume the stage while giving ample time for the escape of the audience. The law strictly forbids the use of chairs or stools in the aisles and passages, and it insists that all doors shall open outwards. It also requires that all the exits of any place of amusement shall be numbered consecutively, and that its number shall be painted in bold letter on or over each door. Taking advantage of the universal American habit of presenting the programme gratuitously to every playgoer, the law also prescribes the printing on this programme of outline maps or plans of every floor of the theatre, with the indication of all stairs and with the exits all numbered to correspond with the figures painted on the doors.

A GERMAN ROMAN CATHOLIC ON ULTRAMONTANISM.

A LITTLE book lately published at Strasburg, under the somewhat obscure title of *Plus ultra! Schicksale eines deutschen Katholiken* 1869-1882, throws a curious light on the present temper and policy of the Ultramontane party in Germany, especially the Jesuits, as regarded by a Liberal Catholic. The author, Reinhold Baumstark, is not only zealously orthodox but a convert, which does not however hinder his commenting pretty freely on the faults and follies of his co-religionists. The book, to say the truth, is rather an egotistic one, and we hear more about Herr Baumstark's personal *Schicksale* than can greatly interest any but himself and his friends. He has composed a sort of *Apologia*, and, so far as the autobiographical element is concerned, such works fall a little flat unless the writer is already something of a public character. But without dwelling on these merely personal incidents there is enough in *Plus ultra* to attract the notice of those who are interested in the religious controversies of the day and especially in the German *Culturkampf*, which appears now to be drawing to an end. Nor must it be supposed that the present writer is an Old Catholic. He speaks indeed somewhat contemptuously of that party, and expressly avows his cordial acceptance of the Vatican dogma, and says that he had held it before it was proclaimed, and that "in spite of the silly exaggerations of the *Civiltà Cattolica*," the German Government were mistaken in attributing to it a political significance; he "was at the time of the Vatican Council more Vatican in sentiment than" Bishop Ketteler, who opposed the dogma, but afterwards submitted. With all this, however, he tells us he can understand how a man like Dr. Döllinger should reject the dogma, which can only mean that, while it does not to his mind bear a political sense—and his own chief interest is clearly in politics—he can understand how to an historian it may present insuperable difficulties. Considering that the main drift of his argument is to impeach the judgment, patriotism, and tolerance of the ultramontane party in the German Empire during the last thirteen years, and notably, as we shall see presently, to condemn the Jesuit programme, it may be questioned whether he is quite consistent even in his political apology for infallibilism. He can at all events hardly be ignorant of the fact, which is notorious in Germany, that the Vatican Council has made an immense practical difference in the position of the German bishops, who formerly exercised a considerable amount of independent discretion, but have now become virtually in their public action the mere creatures of the Court of Rome, whatever may be their individual opinions, since any attempt to take a line of their own would lead to delations and complaints from the adverse party among their clergy, whom they are powerless to control, for to such appeals Rome always lends a ready ear. This is especially true of cities, like Munich, where there is a resident nuncio, who can be at once interviewed by malcontents, but it holds good generally, and the consequences are visible both in Germany and France. Whatever may be thought of the abstract dogma of papal infallibility, which Herr Baumstark professes to accept, he will hardly deny that the ordinary jurisdiction in every diocese assigned by the Vatican decrees to the Pope reduces all bishops to the rank of lieutenants under a despotic general. And

this, we suspect, is one chief explanation of the conduct of certain German bishops against whom he finds much occasion of complaint.

We have said already that there is a good deal of free comment on the Jesuits. It must not however be supposed that the author is blind, as an earnest Roman Catholic, to their considerable merits or to the great services they have rendered to his Church both in Europe and in foreign missions. He is careful on the contrary to insist on the point and to assure us that "he has never in his life known nobler men or more devout priests than the few Jesuits with whom he is personally acquainted." At the same time he "cannot deny that the spirit of the Order is at least under existing circumstances irreconcileable with the interests of his fatherland," and he observes with perfect justice that the Society has always retained the impress of the specifically Spanish and military character of its founder, and therefore finds the most appropriate sphere for its energies in mission work among the heathen, where its success has been conspicuous; "wherever it appears in modern civilized States, its action is in fact, however little that may be intended, incompatible with the essential spirit of the age," and that quite independently of the unquestionable patriotism and piety of numbers of its individual members. "The decisive point is that the Order as such cannot rise above an ideal which I am convinced that the Church has, happily, once for all abandoned, that of secular power, political dominion, and external coercion." He adds that "the continual endeavour to reconquer this ideal brings the Church into inevitable conflict with the civilization of modern States, and has misled Jesuitism to throw itself into the arms of absolutism and, which is still worse, the restless and passionate struggle for domination over men's minds necessitates an appeal to superstitious emotions." He can accordingly foresee no other future for Jesuitism than to become the most powerful and genuine embodiment of Ultramontanism, or, in other words, of political Catholicism. He refers in this connexion to the keen scent for heresy displayed in the *Stimmen aus Maria Laach*—the Jesuit organ so frequently quoted in *Janus*—of which he had some personal experience when he published in 1874 a history of Philip II. of Spain, commenting severely on the absolute subjection of that persecuting monarch to the dictates of his Jesuit confessor. This habitual misuse of the confessional and spiritual direction by the Jesuits for the increase of their power and furtherance of their own ends is dwelt on at some length. The author, as might be expected, disclaims all sympathy with that proverbial "zeal of converts" which includes a passionate hatred of the communion they have felt it their duty to abandon, and on the contrary avows his earnest desire for the day when Christians of the Catholic and Protestant confessions may again be united in one common fold, and begs those who would denounce him as a heretic for such an avowal to recollect how many great men on both sides, since the sixteenth century, such as Spinola, Leibnitz, and even Popes and Emperors, have longed and laboured for this consummation. They should remember, too, what lies on the surface of history, that the blame of the great schism cannot in any calm and unprejudiced estimate be imputed exclusively to one side; even in Martin Luther, while regretting his deplorable severance from the Church, they may recognize "a really great man and a genuine German." And accordingly Herr Baumstark takes exception to the unquestionably learned and powerful but somewhat one-sided work recently published by Professor Janssen, which he fears will tend rather to fan than to allay the flames of religious discord. No doubt the prominence thrust upon it, as well as on other polemical works on both sides, by the recent Luther centenary, has had that tendency.

It may be inferred from what has already been said that Herr Baumstark would hail with enthusiasm the accession of the present Pope. He tells us that, while others were raving about Pius IX., he declared Leo XIII. to be "the morning star shedding the beams of hope on the German *Culturkampf*," who would recognize as the exalted aim of his life's work the restoration of peace. Dr. Windhorst, it seems, the leader of the Centre party, took a different view, and the Pope has found it no easy task to carry out his conciliatory policy; "I know, from the mouth of a man to whom the Holy Father himself said so, that Leo XIII. had the greatest difficulty in enforcing his decision against the will of his unintelligent ultramontane *entourage*; the Vicar of Christ has even expressly declared that he was obliged to have recourse to positive commands in order to make his will respected." Our author does not add, what however is well known, that the common opinion at Rome, shared by the Pope himself, attributed the terribly sudden death of his first Secretary of State, Cardinal Franchi, to the effects of poison. But he cites a significant passage from the *Osservatore Romano*, as "the organ of the innermost thoughts of Leo XIII.," to indicate the Pope's divergence of sentiment from the political Ultramontanes; "The Holy See does not mix itself up with the designs of the Centre party, and cannot be held responsible for them; elevated far above all political considerations and motives, it looks only to the lofty end of its divine mission, religious peace." And he therefore feels justified in claiming as on his own side "the exalted hero-spirit, full of wisdom and moderation, who is now head of the Roman Catholic Church." While however his chief interest centres in politics, it must not be imagined that Herr Baumstark confounds Ultramontanism in itself with its temporary expression in the policy of a particular party in the German Parliament; he insists that it is "a deep and far-reaching phenomenon running through the world's history," of which the four characteristic

attributes are that it is "unhistorical, unscientific, unchristian, and unpatriotic," and he proceeds to examine in detail these four notes of the system he so strongly deprecates. The task of establishing his contention is not a difficult one, but we cannot stay to follow him through the several counts of his indictment. His testimony is of course the more weighty from his reiterated insistence on "ecclesiastical unity, and the primacy and dogmatic infallibility of the Pope" as being "articles of faith for him no less fully and strictly than for the extreme ultramontane," though we may be disposed to think that his Vatican orthodoxy is partly due to his being better acquainted with politics than with history. We may, perhaps, even conjecture that for him, as for many educated Germans, clerical and lay, who have ostensibly acquiesced in it, the new dogma has no very definite meaning, or to say the least does not bear the meaning intended by those who took so much pains to procure its enactment. Our readers will hardly need to be reminded that the real instigators both of the Council and its decrees were the Jesuits, and what Herr Baumstark thinks of their principles and policy we have already seen. His book is too local in its colouring, and too full of personal records of little concern to the general public, to be likely to attain a wide circulation; but it says, and says pointedly and well, many things which have often been urged before by opponents or lookers-on, but which gains a new force and reality when coming from the pen of a writer whose religious spirit and genuine Roman Catholic orthodoxy is abundantly manifest throughout the book. It will not find favour with either of the contending factions pitted against each other during the recent Luther centenary, for it breathes the spirit not of antagonism, but of conciliation and forbearance.

INCONGRUOUS OXFORD.

WHILE history is nowadays made rapidly in the outside world, it is made at express speed within the narrow range of Oxford life. There everything that is new is held to be good, and men leave ways as yet scarce trodden to seek out fresh paths. While many of the reforms of later years have enabled the University to fulfil her mission more nobly than in past generations, it is no less true that the love of constant change is hurtful alike to her usefulness and her dignity. Ever patching and changing its course of study, its administration of discipline, and even its buildings, the Oxford of to-day is not the Oxford of a year ago, and next year will, it may be presumed, bring fresh changes with it. No part of the University's life is allowed to attain its natural development. Before a new scheme has been thoroughly tested, it gives place to one yet newer. Each head or college tutor who desires to stand well with his fellows tries to distinguish himself by becoming the exponent of some new proposal, and as each in turn succeeds in making his scheme the fashion of "the flying term," some fresh element of incongruity is added to the general stock. To spend a vast sum on providing herself with new examination schools was not unworthy of the University. Although it was unhappily too much to expect that the building would be academic either in its general character or in its furniture, it is a little grievous, on entering its great Hall, to be reminded of a sumptuous railway station, and to remember that the money spent on the inappropriate adornments of the staircase would have enabled the University to remove the unsightly heaps and ruinous houses which still remain round the building, and make it no bad emblem of the incongruity which reigns in almost every phase of Oxford life. Still, in spite of some faults which may be found in the execution of the work, the building is not wholly unworthy of its dignified purpose. To make up, however, it may be, for the sorrows to be endured within its walls, the Vice-Chancellor at once lent the new seat of the University for a "Commemoration" ball; while at the same time he combined the lessons of economy with apologeticism by insisting on the reduction of the price of the tickets from the normal guinea to the odd sum of twelve and sixpence. Strenuous and praiseworthy are the efforts made to encourage the undergraduates to be studious and self-denying. Perhaps these efforts are so exhausting that we must not greatly wonder at their occasional collapse. Still it is a little startling to find the Vice-Chancellor and the various pastors and masters of the University encouraging the young men entrusted to their care to give up a term to the preparation and production of a play. To hinder men from hunting, to fine them for driving, and to interfere with the price of their ball tickets may be well. On the other hand, it may be well to allow them to spend their time and risk a considerable sum of money in giving representations of the *Merchant of Venice*. It is, however, difficult to see the congruity between the two systems of management. We are glad to hear that the financial results of the six performances held last week at Oxford are satisfactory, and hope that the same success has attended the Philanthropists in the tour which ended last night with an "invitation performance" at the Vaudeville. We fear, however, that some parents will feel that the promotion of a love of acting is not exactly what they want for their sons from the dignitaries of the University.

There are, however, many things at Oxford which seem to the outside world more incongruous than the encouragement of acting. In the Hall, for example, where some years ago the members of University College met to revive the fables of bygone antiquarianism by claiming King Alfred as their founder, Mr. W. Morris, under the thin disguise of an aesthetic address, taught the

undergraduates the shibboleths of Democratic Socialism. Sanctified by the presence of the Master, one of the most successful of the Modern History lecturers, the apostle of this new craze set at defiance the lessons of history and political economy, while the affair was rendered still more exquisitely ludicrous by the closing benediction pronounced by Mr. Ruskin on the undergraduates and their wives. What may not a father now hope for in sending his son to Oxford! It may be that the youth has not as yet shown any dramatic taste. Housed by the example of others, encouraged by the approval of the Vice-Chancellor and by the more potent smiles of his tutor's wife, the Portia or the Jessica of the term, he will surely awaken to a new ambition, and may even attempt to enter the dramatic profession, ignorant of how few they are who succeed, and of how many, alas! fail in the career he covets. Or it may be that he will drink in the teaching propounded in the Hall of University, and, discarding the professions which demand a studious training, will start as a regenerator of society on the lines laid down by Mr. Morris and Mr. Ruskin. Apart from the vaguer allurements of such a life, the fact that no *testamur* in political economy is required as a preliminary to it will not be without effect on the mind of the parent. In the case of his son adopting this lofty career, the father will at least have the satisfaction of being able to retire the sooner from the sordid pursuit of wealth. For, as the youthful Socialist will, of course, decline to receive any "increment" which he has not earned, the portions of his brothers and sisters will be made up more quickly. Moreover, as parents are apt to look ahead, the father of our young reformer may perhaps cherish the hope that his name and family may not die out in the neighbourhood in which his fathers have dwelt in honour, and in such a case he may take courage from the thought that the marriage of his son, still we hope in the future, has the blessing of Mr. Ruskin. With such bright possibilities the happy father may bring his son to matriculate at Oxford, and, sitting once more in the ancient Common-room of his college, may hear a new generation talk of theatrical "business," or speak the stranger jargon of amateur Socialism.

A fresh delight has lately been given to the lovers of incongruity at Oxford by the nomination of an Independent minister as an Examiner in the "Rudiments of Faith and Religion." At first sight there certainly seems no reason to suppose that Mr. R. F. Horton would have been, to say the least of it, less qualified for this office than many of his fellows, who do not conceal their lack of faith, and whose religion is best known to themselves. The incongruity, however, lies in the fact that one of the subjects of the examination is a knowledge of the Articles of the Church of England. It would seem that some one wished to illustrate the remarkable character of the new religious equality by showing that under it undergraduate Churchmen may be forced to undergo examination in doctrinal matters at the hands of Nonconformists, while Nonconformists are exempted by a conscience clause from examination at the hands of Churchmen. While nothing can be said in disparagement of Mr. Horton as regards either his scholarship or his character as a minister of religion, it would certainly never have entered into the head of any one outside Oxford to nominate him to a post requiring him to examine in the Articles of the Church from which he dissents. It would, no doubt, have afforded a little pleasant excitement to attend the *viva voce* on the chance of hearing an Independent minister insist on an accurate statement of the teaching of the Articles with reference to the relations between Church and State, and to watch the ingenious candidate endeavour to conceal his ignorance by propounding Independent views; while the excitement would have been enhanced by studying the face of some High Church colleague of the new examiner who was compelled to assist at this unedifying exhibition. "The Ancient House of Congregation" which, last Thursday week, confirmed Mr. Horton's nomination is itself an incongruous body, consisting mainly of the youngest Masters of Arts, the "necessary regents," who can be compelled to attend the meetings of Congregation, and of some of the greatest "dons," such as the heads of colleges. With functions which certainly have long been purely formal and limited to the grant of degrees and the confirmation of examiners, the Ancient House has escaped the reforming zeal of the various University Commissions by its very insignificance. The delight of the younger Masters at finding themselves called on to vote upon this question, to the exclusion of the mass of their seniors, seems to have broken forth in bursts of boyish merriment not often heard in the Congregation House. As was expected, the nomination of Mr. Horton was rejected in Convocation on Thursday last by 456 to 155, and Oxford has thus been saved from a crowning specimen of incongruity. After this, Radical newspapers consistently call for the disfranchisement of the greater number of Masters of Arts. A wide suffrage is not, it seems, universally desirable.

In spite of the topics of the Examination in the Rudiments of Faith and Religion, so much incongruity attaches to it that the nominators of Mr. Horton may have looked on it as a fit subject for their unseemly experiment. Whatever its object may be, the examination appears to be arranged so as to make the attainment of it improbable. We may suppose that one object of the University in holding this examination is that her younger members may enter life with some knowledge of the faith and religion which they profess. Candidates are, however, allowed to go in for the examination before they begin the more serious part of their studies, and at such an early stage in their University career as to make it pretty certain that they will forget all they have crammed for it by the time they take their degree.

Another object of the examination is probably to ensure some acquaintance with the Bible as a collection of literature, while in the case of those who object to study it on conscientious grounds certain subjects of literary value are substituted as equivalents for religious knowledge. But as regards both the culture to be gained from reading the Bible and the literary value of the Authorised Version, the extent of the subject-matter of this mere pass examination is so wide that it is almost hopeless to expect the majority of men to reject the various Analyses of Scripture history for the study of the text itself. Cramming his facts at second hand, often trusting to a vague remembrance of Second Lessons to enable him to translate the Greek Testament, and fortified by *memoria technica* handed down from generation to generation, the candidate enters on his "Rudiments." Provided only that the questions were asked for which the pass coach makes the elaborate preparation implied in expressing certain miracles by irreverent monosyllables, the issue might possibly be happy. Even then, however, the Greek Testament still presents dangerous pitfalls, as he found who, misled by the inviting word *σκορπίει*, declared him "that gathereth not" to be a scorpion. And, should the wary examiner leave the old methods of attack, and take up the Book of Esther, which seems to lie outside the course of cram, he will find how little culture young Oxford has derived either from Mr. Long's pictures or from the preparation for the Rudiments Examination. "Vashti was a man we meet with in St. Paul's missionary journeys" was an answer which gained fresh interest from the explanation vouchsafed in *viva voce* that the candidate thought that he must have confused the injured queen with the prophet Agabus. While some sense of fitness is implied in the application of the promise that Aaron should be his brother's "mouth" to "the relationship of Eve to Adam," such answers as that which referred the request of Daniel that he and his companions might be fed on pulse to the fear of the Gibeonites lest they should prove expensive to Joshua are proofs that the younger members of the University share with their tutors (if we, too, may speak incongruously) the lack of that "grace of congruity" which is nowadays a snare to undergraduates as it was to "the school-authors" of old.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY SCHOOLS.

FOR one hundred and fifteen years the 10th of December has been a day of much moment in the progress of English art. It has been, in commercial phrase, the day of taking stock. All the year round the schools of the Royal Academy pursue their work in silence: but on the 10th of December, in the presence of the full body of Academicians, the productions of the year are tried as by fire, and reward or the penalty of neglect is awarded. The scene is one of great interest and peculiarity, and one which, from the pressure of space, is witnessed by only a very limited number of spectators. These latter are seated in a thin line down the centre of the third gallery—the Large Room—and behind them, range above range, sit the slightly turbulent body of students. On a raised dais the President of the Royal Academy stands at a tribune facing his audience, and on each side of him are ranged the Forty in their fauteuils. It is a striking sight to see the art of the present and the past, so many famous and powerful heads, facing the art of the future, and to remember that Flaxman and Turner, Mulready and Landseer, Constable and Maciise, were in their time in the exact position of these blushing recipients of youthful honours. The audience, too, is a highly-strung one, permeated through and through with the artist fervour, and expresses its delight and approval, and even its disapproval, with an energy in which it would be difficult to detect any of the traditional English phlegm. When the young gentleman who has to receive two medals insists on shaking hands each time with Sir Frederick Leighton, and when the young lady darts up to receive hers as though she were going to kiss the beloved President, the gallery rings with sympathetic appreciation of the accident, as though it were but one more incident in the delicious comedy of "Art and Youth."

But the 10th of December this year was a particularly happy occasion. As a rule the President delivers the medals at once, and then pronounces his customary oration. But last Monday Sir Frederick Leighton departed from this custom by giving a little address before the prizes were distributed. When the work of the year was below average, he said, or when it only reached it, there did not seem to be any reason why special comment should be made. But this year in more than one branch of the schools performance had been so excellent that it called for a little more specific observation. He then spoke of the paintings from the life and the cartoon of a life-size figure. But still higher commendation was due to the sets of six figures from the nude in black and white; and highest of all, he said, to the competition in sculpture. The rounds of applause from all classes of students which followed this last remark were highly suggestive to those who remember how utterly dead was the interest in sculpture ten years ago. There is no doubt at all that among all artists, but particularly among artists of the latest generation, there is more vital interest taken in this long-neglected art of sculpture than has ever been shown in England before. We cordially echo Sir Frederick Leighton's statement that he and his colleagues in the Royal Academy "hailed these signs of vitality and energy in English sculpture with unfeigned satisfaction and joy."

The honours of Monday night were certainly with the sculptors. It is a very few years ago that, in the competition for the gold medal, two models only were presented, hanging side by side in melancholy isolation. On Monday night the Central Hall was lined with models in low relief and in the round, most of them of remarkable promise, and one of really extraordinary performance. When the President announced that the great prize of the year, the gold medal and travelling studentship, had been awarded to Mr. Henry Bates, for his relief of "Socrates discussing in the Agora," the general feeling must have been one of surprise that talent so ripe and accomplished as this could have remained until now completely obscure. This lovely work, in which relief is treated with a delicate science such as has rarely been seen in England, might, we do not hesitate to say, bear the signature of any living name, although the articulation of the limbs in one or two cases shows some slight deficiency of knowledge. But in the *finesse* with which the gradations of relief are treated, in the freshness and lightness of the drapery, and in the general beauty and completeness of the composition, very high accomplishment indeed is reached; and, though Mr. Bates calls himself a student still, and has hitherto been unknown by name, it is obvious that he must have had a great deal of excellent practice in the past. His name will probably be familiar to us all in ten years' time; and so may possibly, though not so certainly, be that of Mr. F. W. Pomeroy, who carried away the first silver medal for work in the round over Mr. Bates's head.

It is very droll to see the works of the students arranged in their classes around the walls of the Royal Academy. For instance, the second room was entirely given up to paintings, all of the same size, of old English inns. Many of these were rather thinly painted in the drop-scene style; but there were few of them which did not possess some merit which such work did not possess fifteen years ago. Most of them seemed to show that the painters understand the nature of shadow, and the laws of its perspective, to a far greater extent than of old. These pictures of inns were all painted in competition for the Creswick prize, the proceeds of a legacy left by the sister of Thomas Creswick, R.A. It was gained this year by Mr. Olivier, who possesses considerable brightness and purity of touch, but must study to gain greater solidity. The first room was dedicated on one side to the candidates for the Turner gold medal, a landscape subject from *In Memoriam*; and on the other side to those for the Historical Painting gold medal, "Peter denying Christ." The Turner medal brings only 50*l.* with it, the rest of this particular fund being distributed in charity to distressed artists outside the Academy; the Historical medal, on the other hand, involves a travelling annuity for one year of 200*l.* This latter was gained by Mr. Loudon, whose work is respectable, but not strikingly meritorious. It would not seem that in landscape painting or in historical composition the English schools are particularly strong just now.

It is in realistic drawing that the students showed this year that excellence which Sir Frederick Leighton specified. The rooms hung with drawings in black and white from the nude model as posed by the visiting Academicians show exceedingly encouraging results, and some of the cartoons from the draped figure, in which the female students also compete, were very satisfactory. In all this department of study the Royal Academy schools had less than a generation ago fallen into great slovenliness and decay. The essential importance of thorough draughtsmanship, and especially of intimate study of the human figure, was overlooked, and we are inclined to believe that at one time the life-model was disused altogether. In such a sluggish atmosphere it is no wonder if English art began to languish. It is rather to be wondered at that so much good work was done in England in this dark age. It should be distinctly said that much of what has been effected in this way is directly due to the intelligence and energy of Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., and that the improvement properly dates from his election to the Keepership in 1873.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for this month there appears a very timely article by Mr. F. A. Eaton, the permanent secretary of the body, entitled, "The Educational Work of the Royal Academy." From materials which could not be at the service of any other writer he has drawn up a succinct statement of the action of the Royal Academy in this direction since its foundation. It will probably be matter of surprise to many of Mr. Eaton's readers to learn that the schools were organized before any arrangements had been made for holding an annual exhibition. Sir Joshua Reynolds and his colleagues, in solemn convocation assembled, opened the schools on the 2nd of January, 1769, the instruction nominally dating from the 10th of December preceding, when George III. had signed the instrument which forms the constitution of the Academy. The King nominated only thirty-six artists as Academicians; and it is a curious fact, which Mr. Eaton does not happen to notice, that it was many years before the body reached its full quota of forty members. It is true that the elections of Burch and Cosway in 1771, of Nollekens in 1772, and of Barry in 1773 would have completed the number if Cotes had not in the meanwhile died in 1770 and Baker in 1771. But the members were in no haste to fill up the list; and by 1780, although Peters, Bacon, and Copley had been elected, the deficiency had been made as great as ever by the deaths of Toms, Hayman, and Yeo. It was not until 1783, in the fifteenth year of its existence, that the Royal Academy became complete. This, however, takes us away from the consideration of the schools, to which the lately-mentioned Toms and Hayman were among the earliest visitors. These were first opened in some large chambers a little to the

east of the site in Pall Mall of the Senior United Service Club, and these consisted of a "plaster academy," or school of casts, and of an "academy of living models." A well-known print shows the original members of the Academy engaged in posing the life-model in the latter by candle-light, before the introduction of the students. It is encouraging to find on the earliest list of students six or seven names which afterwards became those of Academician, and among them that of John Flaxman, who was only fourteen at the time, and who lived on until 1826, a link between the old time and the new. George III., with a generosity for which he must receive credit, promised to make up out of his own privy purse whatever expenses there were in connexion with the Academy, as an educational body, which could not be met from the profits of the annual exhibition; and although the deficit at the end of the first year amounted to 900*l.*, and continued, though gradually decreasing, for twelve years, he kept to his bargain and steered the infant enterprise safely out of its commercial difficulties. From 1771 to 1780 the Royal Academy schools were held in old Somerset House, and when, at the later date, they moved into rooms in the new palace they brought the exhibition over to them from Pall Mall. This, however, was a dangerous innovation, for it caused the great practical disadvantage of obliging the schools to stop during the months through which the annual exhibition was open. This was not obviated until the new schools were completed in 1869, a century after the foundation of the Academy.

The study of Mr. Eaton's somewhat dry statistics will give a remarkable notion of the funds at the disposal of the Royal Academy, and of the lavish but not injudicious way in which they are distributed. The fact is that the Academy is so rich and enjoys the proceeds of so many important legacies that it is able to do a great deal more for the training and maintenance of art in England than most people have any idea of. Those who rashly denounce the Royal Academy on account of this or that practical shortcoming, or because some favourite painter, for reasons probably known to himself, has not been received into the body, should refer to the pages of the *Fortnightly Review*, and ask themselves what would be the result if they had their way and broke up this wealthy and benevolent corporation. It is impossible for any sane person to talk about doing away with the Royal Academy while it continues to make itself so invaluable and so deservedly popular among the young people of both sexes who propose to take up art as a profession.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

At the ninth Saturday Concert at the Crystal Palace the interest centred in the novelties produced. These were Mr. Villiers Stanford's serenade in G major for orchestra, and a selection from Mr. C. Hubert H. Parry's incidental music written for the recent revival of *The Birds* at Cambridge. The latter has already been discussed in these columns, and on the present occasion only three excerpts were given—the Gathering of the Birds, the *Entr'acte*, and the March. All these display distinction, colour, and invention, the first being full of happy characterization, piquant and original. Mr. Stanford's serenade, written for the Birmingham Festival last year, has been heard elsewhere and merits repetition here. It may be objected to it as a serenade that the third movement—the *Notturno*—is a little deficient in character, and the whole composition too drawn out. In the *Notturno* the graceful and suave *cantabile* of the opening is followed by a second subject, accompanied by the horns, whose brief figure is at first plaintively, and afterwards too insistently, expressed, until an effect, peculiarly striking at the outset, is almost nullified at the end of the movement. Considered apart from its special aim, and merely as an orchestral composition, it is a clever and original work. Of the five movements, the *scherzo* and the *intermezzo* are the most individual, while the elaborate *finale* is notable for the ingenuity of its working-out and felicitous introduction of the lullaby. Mme. Montigny-Rémaury gave an excellent rendering of Beethoven's pianoforte concerto in C minor, with a characteristic cadenza by Rubinstein of considerable technical difficulty, her left-hand execution being remarkably brilliant. The pianist also played in irreproachable style Thalberg's arrangement of the serenade and minuet from *Don Giovanni*, a work strangely old-fashioned, and in which Mozart's exquisite melody is curiously deranged. The vocalists were Miss Ehrenberg and Signor Foli. The lady is an accomplished singer and was heard to particular advantage in Weber's "O Araby" (from *Oberon*). She also sang a new song, "Night and Love," by Mr. George J. Bennett. Signor Foli gave Mendelssohn's "I'm a roamer" with immense spirit and *verve*, and also "Shall I in Mamre's fertile plain?" from Handel's *Joshua*. The programme opened with Schumann's overture to *Genoveva*. In the absence of Mr. Manns the concert was conducted by Mr. C. Villiers Stanford.

THE THEATRES.

In the new play *Claudian*, successfully produced at the Princess's Theatre, Mr. Herman has not displayed the higher qualities of dramatic construction which gave deserved vitality to *The Silver King*. The theme he has chosen possesses a certain weird fasci-

nation of its own, and its presentment on the stage is marked by extraordinary liberality and magnificence in all that concerns the details of scenery and costume; but when the drama is stripped of these adornments, it will be found to be inferior in many important respects to the less ambitious picture of modern life by which it was immediately preceded. Nor is the suggested comparison between the two pieces by any means so inappropriate as might at first appear. The essential qualities of dramatic invention are not greatly affected even by the most startling changes of time and place. As Mr. Wilson Barrett justly observed on a recent occasion in giving notice of the production of *Claudian*, human life is much the same whatever the garb in which it is presented; and it may be added that distinctions of style in the work of the dramatist are equally independent of these outward transformations of scenery and surrounding. *Claudian* is essentially a melodrama, despite the accurate care which Mr. E. W. Godwin has bestowed upon the details of classic dress, and the graceful fancy which enters into much of the verse supplied for the occasion by Mr. Wills. It is a melodrama originating in a miracle, and somewhat abruptly terminated by an earthquake; but in the intermediate stages of the story it is a melodrama, deficient in the qualities of compactness and coherence that we have a right to expect in work of this class. In part, no doubt, the imperfections of the play are due to the inherent difficulties of the subject. The supernatural element in the story makes a demand upon the imagination of the spectator, which in in turn reacts upon the author, requiring of him the evidence of sustained imaginative power in the conduct of his work, and it is here that Messrs. Wills and Herman are sometimes at fault. They do not show themselves sufficiently conscious of the responsibilities with which they are inevitably burdened by the central idea of their composition. They are not always on a level with their own invention; and in several scenes of the drama properly so called the action becomes tedious and even commonplace. In fact, one of the gravest objections that can be urged against *Claudian* is that the prologue is more interesting than the play. The means by which Claudian's supernatural presence is accounted for are effectively contrived, and throughout the remainder of the entertainment the audience is left to regret the loss of a group of characters for whom sympathy had been keenly awakened. The lapse of a hundred years between the prologue and the first act implies the necessity of a fresh plot and the introduction of strange faces. Claudian alone, kept alive by the curse of the holy man whom he had murdered, serves as the link between the past and the present, and it is too obviously for the sake of developing his character and completing his redemption that the personages of the second story are brought upon the scene. In themselves and for their own sake they scarcely arouse any very real emotion, nor is the relation which the authors have established between these subordinate characters and the central figure of the drama always quite clear and intelligible. At one moment towards the close of the first act, it would seem that the dwellers in Bithynia are intended to be aware of Claudian's story and to be conscious of the supernatural agency which has brought him among them; but in the later scenes of the play he is allowed to assume the guise of a simple contemporary whose presence and authority create no surprise. This uncertainty as to the position of Claudian inevitably tends to weaken our faith in the reality of the miracle which has invested him with an accursed immortality. It is true that Faust in like manner glides quietly and unperceived into the life of his generation; but, then, behind Faust is the inevitable figure of Mephistopheles to quicken in the minds of the audience a constant sense of the supernatural. In *Claudian* no such machinery has been employed, nor is there here the same element of simple pathos in the story with which his fatal progress is connected. It is almost impossible to feel any true sympathy for the luckless loves of Almida and Agazil, and even the accumulated atrocities of the Tetrarch of the Province fail to convey a conviction of reality. And further than this, it is difficult to find in the original character of Claudian anything to justify the extraordinary machinery employed for his salvation. He is presented to us as a dissolute noble who is also a ruthless murderer, and yet for such a being, deprived of any element of fascination, our sympathy is urgently demanded, and to reclaim his condemned soul the happiness of two simple lovers is, for a while at least, completely destroyed. In all this it must be allowed there is some lack of proportion and an imperfect sense of poetical design. To vindicate the introduction of the powerful supernatural agency which the authors of *Claudian* have thought fit to summon to their aid, the characters should be in the highest sense typical characters, and the issues at stake deeply and permanently representative of human fate and fortune. Nor does it discredit the talent of the authors of *Claudian* to hint that neither the invention of Mr. Herman nor the verse of Mr. Wills has here been quite equal to the emergency. With such a theme, success, in the highest sense of the word, was scarcely to be hoped for, and yet to a work of this kind it is difficult to apply any but the highest standard of criticism. The play is conceived with an earnestness and an ambition that compels criticism to be respectful, and therefore perhaps severe; but it would, of course, be easy on other terms to speak with a greater appearance of appreciation, and, by comparison with much else that is set before the public, to reckon the production of *Claudian* as a notable event. What has been said of the drama itself applies in a greater or less degree to the manner of its representation. Mr. Wilson Barrett plays the title part with evident earnestness and with

no trace of vulgar exaggeration. In many passages he strongly impressed his audience, but it can scarcely be said that the recollection of his performance lays hold of the imagination. Miss Eastlake in the after scenes of the play, and Miss Ormsby in the prologue, added much to the charm of a succession of pictures in which admirable costume and really beautiful scenery were very skilfully combined; while of the stage management it may be said that no earlier production at the Princess's has been marked by equal evidence of intelligent preparation. The minor characters suffer from imperfect definition on the part of the authors, and sometimes from insufficient practice in the delivery of verse on the part of the performers. Mr. Willard always plays with intelligence, but his voice wants compass and variety for such a task as is imposed upon him in the enunciation of the fatal curse; Mr. George Barrett finds on the present occasion no great scope for the exercise of his humorous powers as a comedian; and Mr. Charles Hudson mars an otherwise effective representation of the character of the Tetrarch by an imitation of some of the mannerisms of Mr. Irving.

The success which has attended the revival of *Pygmalion and Galatea* at the Lyceum Theatre was in a measure assured. The beauty of the original legend works with such a constant charm upon the imagination that it could in no case fail to win acceptance, whatever the form of its presentation; and to these inherent charms of the subject we must here add undoubted tact and skill on the part of the dramatist and the natural grace of the principal performer. Mr. Gilbert's treatment of the story is of course open to question and criticism. He has turned a classical theme to his own special uses, less impressed perhaps by its poetical beauty than by the opportunities it seemed to offer for the exercise of quaint fancy and the play of wit. It may be that, if he had his work to do over again, it would now be fashioned in a graver spirit. For, to be just to the play as it stands, we must not be unmindful of the date and the circumstances of its original production. *Pygmalion and Galatea* was the fruit of a process of evolution that had its germ in burlesque. By the success of *The Palace of Truth* its author was in a measure pledged to a light and partly satirical mode of composition, though even in *The Palace of Truth* a deeper note is struck at the close. It was then in a spirit of playful satire, as we may suppose, that Mr. Gilbert turned his attention to the story of Pygmalion, seizing in the first instance upon the humorous situations that might be supposed to arise from the sudden intrusion of an ideal being into the common life of our working-day world. But the result shows us that in this case the natural instinct of the artist proved stronger than his intention; and before the end is reached the deeper significance of the story has worked so powerfully upon the author and his audience that the latter, at least, are half disposed to regret the somewhat farcical comedy which belongs to the earlier scenes. Throughout the whole play, however, Galatea is always a winning and fascinating figure; for in her case the element of comedy is unconsciously exhibited, and the true and genuine pathos of the final scene in which she appears cannot fail of its effect, even though the attitude of the other characters in the play seems at this point scarcely worthy of the ennobling influence of her presence. Miss Anderson's performance of the part justified the expectation of those of her audience who have not been blind to the present limitations of her art, and of critics who have sufficient fairness to admit the natural gifts which she unquestionably possesses. Miss Anderson moves upon the stage with admirable grace, and she wears the classic costume with an ease that leaves nothing to be desired. And in the comedy of the scene her acting is certainly much in advance of what she has hitherto accomplished in this country. The character in its lighter moods nicely fits her present resources as an actress. Her performance is effective without any evidence of straining for effect, and the sentences she has to utter, in which the humour depends upon an impression of perfect innocence of intention, are delivered in excellent taste. But in the later scenes of the play, where Galatea, touched with a deeper spirit of humanity, is called upon to exhibit a higher order of emotion, Miss Anderson fails to secure an equal measure of success. In the expression of feeling she has still much to acquire and something also to unlearn. She often at these times seems to labour at her work, and she labours in a mistaken style. Her voice lacks the true ring of sincerity, and though her effects have evidently been carefully studied, they fail to move the audience. Here, it may be said, Miss Anderson has not yet made her art her own; she is working, as it would seem, from memory and example, and in the result we miss the stamp of individual invention.

THE CATTLE SHOW.

THIS year's Smithfield Club Cattle Show has suffered from the outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease. The Club felt itself compelled to prohibit the admission of animals that had appeared at any of the recent provincial shows, which has in two ways adversely affected its own exhibition. It prevented the appearance at Islington of the best animals exhibited in Birmingham, Leeds, and Norwich, thus depriving the competition of some of its interest; and at the same time it lessened the number of animals sent to the Agricultural Hall. Moreover, the prevalence of the disease has deterred many intending exhibitors from sending up their animals, lest they should be prevented by the sanitary regulations from taking them home again. Still the falling off is much less

than might have been expected. It is true there are only 214 cattle against 248 last year, a falling off of 34, or about 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. There is also a falling off compared with 1881. But, on the other hand, the number of animals exhibited is larger than in any of the five preceding years, which, under the circumstances, is highly satisfactory. It is yet more satisfactory to find that, taking the Show altogether, the animals are quite up to the average excellence of recent years. The decrease in numbers is evident in beasts over three years old, the least important. The falling off is most marked in the Shorthorn and Devon classes, and extends to the Sussex and the Hereford; while the Norfolk red-polls and the Scotch and Welsh cattle are well represented. It is a Shorthorn, however, notwithstanding the decrease in entries, that wins the champion prize. And it is worthy of note that the animal was bred by a "little man," a Lincolnshire farmer, but she was exhibited by the Queen, for whom she was bought last year. Her Majesty was likewise awarded for the same animal the prize for the best heifer or cow. And she also won a third prize for the best steer or ox, a rare accumulation of distinctions. There is a decrease in the number of pigs exhibited as well as in cattle; but here also the feature of the Show is its general excellence, the Berkshires, however, being perhaps the best. But the number of sheep exceeds that of any former year; and the show of roots and implements is also good. The sheep are unusually good, as well as exceptionally numerous. The long-wool breeds, indeed, are scarcely represented, for, owing to Australian competition, English wool has fallen in estimation. But it is otherwise in the case of the breeds valued specially for their meat-yielding quality. The Southdowns alone are almost as numerous as the Leicesters, Cottwolds, and Lincolns taken together. And they are so good that an extra prize was awarded in their case. During the week our daily contemporaries have been expatiating on the remarkable rise in popularity of the Smithfield Club's exhibition as illustrated by the increase in classes and prizes. That popularity has been well deserved, and the Club undoubtedly has done good service to agriculture; but at the same time it must be admitted that the improvement in cattle-farming has by no means kept pace with the popularity of the Smithfield Club's Show. In the nature of things the exhibiting of cattle tends to become an end in itself, and to fall more and more into the hands of very rich people, who need pay little attention to cost. We find, for example, that fat cattle are exhibited not only at different shows in the same year, which is proper enough, but also at the same places in successive years, which does not promote the object of such exhibitions. In the ordinary commercial sense it clearly cannot pay to feed a beast already fat for an additional twelve months. The expense must be incurred for the sake either of the prizes to be won, or of the reputation to be acquired by the gaining of a prize. Furthermore, when we reflect upon the expense and risk attending the rearing of animals for exhibition, the judgment in person or by deputy that is required in selecting breeds, and still more in improving breeds, it is evident that the exhibition of cattle can be carried on only by wealthy people. Accordingly, we find year after year the same names recurring in the lists of exhibitors and prize-winners. No doubt the gentlemen and noblemen who rear animals for these exhibitions perform a public service. They are able to make experiments which it is out of the power of poorer men to try. And they succeed, after many mistakes, it may be, in improving the breed of our herds. But it is clear that the effect of this kind of competition upon the general agriculture of the country must be slight. It tells doubtless in the long run. But it little enables the ordinary farmer to maintain the struggle against his keen foreign competitors, who are now elbowing him in his own markets. It would be worth the while of the Club, then, to consider whether it cannot supplement its present programme in a way that will more directly influence the general agriculture of the country. If the Club is to retain its usefulness, it must adapt itself to the changing circumstances of a time that is peculiarly trying to the British agriculturist. Owing to the economic revolution the world has gone through during the past forty years, the United Kingdom is becoming less and less of a tillage country, and more and more pastoral. Ireland, indeed, may almost be said to have become a purely pastoral country. And to a large extent the same may be observed of Scotland. In England tillage holds a much more important place; but even in England grass is increasing at the expense of tillage. Yet we find that in Great Britain there has been a serious diminution in the numbers of both cattle and sheep during the past ten years. It seems to follow that the British farmer is losing ground. In any case, it is a serious fact that, while grass is gaining upon tillage, the flocks and herds of the country are every year becoming less capable of supplying the home demand. From the agricultural returns just issued, we learn that last year there were imported into the United Kingdom nearly 344,000 live cattle, over 1,124,000 sheep, and nearly 16,000 pigs, of a total value exceeding 9 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling; while the imports of dead meat exceeded 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions of hundredweights, and in value were somewhat over 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ millions sterling. Yet, in spite of this large import, the price of meat is so excessively high that it is unattainable by a large proportion of the population.

To some extent, no doubt, the failure of our own farmers to supply the home market with meat is due to the prevalence of cattle disease. They have a great advantage over their foreign competitors in their nearness to the market and their knowledge of the requirements of their own countrymen. Yet we find that the competition is constantly extending. Not only is there a

larger import from Northern Europe, but a little while ago it was feared that our markets would be inundated by American cattle. The fears, so far, have proved groundless, as we pointed out at the time in these columns they were likely to prove. As soon as American prosperity returned, there was sure to be a greater demand in the home markets, and at the same time freights were sure to rise against the exporter. But, while it was always evident that the fears of American competition in this respect were exaggerated, it is not to be lost sight of now that, when adverse times return, we shall have again to face a formidable competition from beyond the Atlantic. Whenever there is bad trade in America, competition in the cattle trade will certainly increase. And the import of dead meat from South America and from our Australian colonies will likewise increase, as inventions are made to facilitate the conveyance of fresh meat over great distances. This growing competition, then, is going on in spite of the advantages possessed by our home cattle-feeders. Partly, as we have said, the advantage possessed by the home farmer is neutralized by the outbreak every now and then of cattle disease. Just now, for example, in no fewer than forty-three counties the foot-and-mouth disease prevails, so that the Privy Council has practically closed for the next two months all markets throughout England and Wales for store cattle. And this outbreak of foot-and-mouth disease has been preceded at intervals by outbreaks of other more serious diseases amongst our herds. It is the opinion of the Duke of Richmond and Gordon that disease of every kind is imported from abroad, and that it can be kept out only by permanently prohibiting the import of live animals, and insisting that all foreign supplies shall be in the form of dead meat. Apart from the importance of stamping out cattle disease, this would undoubtedly be a desirable reform. Live animals carried across the sea for considerable distances suffer greatly. They not only lose weight, but they can hardly be in a healthy condition on their arrival, and therefore their meat can hardly be fit for human consumption. For every reason, then, it would be desirable to substitute a dead-meat trade for that in live animals. But we fear that the great towns are hardly prepared for so great a change. They would be likely to resist it as a restriction upon their own food supplies. Nor can it be supposed that the breaking out of foot-and-mouth disease every now and then is the sole cause why our cattle-farmers are unable to fully supply the home market. There is another class of agriculturists who contend that what is wanted is a Ministry of Agriculture. No doubt our present administrative system is very deficient, and a Ministry of Agriculture would be able to do much which would help intelligent farmers in their business. But, after all, a mere department of the Government can do little in a country like this, which depends upon the enterprise of the people themselves for the maintenance of its prosperity. Changes of this kind would be useful, but would not do all that is required.

The condition of the cattle-farming industry is really traceable to the want of technical knowledge on the part of the great mass of our farmers. The manufacturing and commercial communities are specially trained for the businesses they are engaged in, and conduct them in a businesslike manner. They are upon the whole, therefore, more successful than the manufacturers and merchants of any other country. But our farmers are not trained in this way, and do not regard their avocations in a business-like spirit. Generally they inherit the business from their fathers, and carry it on too much in a traditional way. Their qualifications for farming generally are a certain empirical acquaintance with the method in which their fathers farmed before them; a fondness for country life and its sports, and a robust good sense, which is common to all their countrymen. Of real business training, however, of theoretical knowledge of the art, of a spirit of enterprise, and of love for experiment, they are, taken generally, utterly devoid. They have little appreciation either of the keenness of the competition to which they are exposed, and they have scarcely any knowledge of any country but their own. A merchant equally ignorant of his business would certainly be landed very soon in the Bankruptcy Court. It is not surprising, therefore, that our farmers fail to turn to the best account the advantage they possess in their nearness to the market. If they are to avail themselves of all their advantages, and turn to the best account the resources of the soil, they must qualify themselves properly for business, conduct it in a businesslike spirit, and watch narrowly the course of the markets abroad and at home. We want an entire change in the education of the farming community, and a new spirit in the way in which they conduct their avocations.

REVIEWS.

THE PRINCESS ALICE.*

THE Grand Duchess of Hesse will always be remembered in England as the Princess Alice rather than by the higher title which she bore only for too short a time. She had many claims on our reverent regard, and the affection felt for her by all classes of Englishmen was deep and will be enduring. In distant

* Alice, Grossherzogin von Hessen und bei Rhein, Prinzessin von Grossbritannien und Irland. Mittheilungen aus ihrem Leben und aus ihren Briefen. Verlag von Arnold Bergsträßer. Darmstadt: 1883.

country villages, the wives and daughters of farm labourers, who never saw her face, and whose knowledge of politics is confined to the rumour that can be picked up on market days from those who are able to read the newspapers, speak of her with softened voices and in a tone similar to that in which believing Catholics speak of their saints, and it seems a truism to add that those who knew her best loved her most. From her earliest childhood she enjoyed the popularity which has been so ungrudgingly bestowed on all the children of the Royal House; but after the death of the Prince Consort she was invested with a more tender and personal interest. She was with her father in his latest hours; she comforted and supported her mother in the first dark days of her great affliction. And when we were once more threatened by a great national calamity, the Princess Alice watched by her brother's bed with more than the conscientiousness of a nurse, more than the gentleness of a sister, though she had then a husband and children of her own, and there were claims upon her which a less unselfish nature might well have thought a sufficient excuse for absenting herself from the sick-room. It is not strange that Englishmen should love her; that they should cling to the familiar name; that they should desire to know the whole story of her life. It is no mere vulgar curiosity as to the doings of courts that prompts the wish, but rather the affection which delights in dwelling on every particular connected with the life of one who was once dear and is now no more.

The memoirs, or rather memorials, which have just been published in German, and which will no doubt be made accessible to the English public, are therefore of the greatest interest. The editor had no easy task to perform, but he has executed it with the greatest tact and skill. The substance of the book consists of extracts from the letters which the Princess wrote to her mother. These are introduced by a short sketch of her childhood and early youth, and about five pages of very interesting general remarks are added; a summary of the principal political and domestic events is prefixed to the letters of each year, and a few foot-notes explaining references to persons are given, as well as a copious index. All this is well done, though many readers may regret that the notes are not fuller. But the real difficulty of the editor must have consisted in the choice of the extracts. The Princess lived among persons who are still living, and who have their susceptibilities; her own life was deeply affected by the great political movements of the time, on which reticence is still necessary; there can be no doubt that she wrote fully upon subjects that are not yet ripe for general discussion. Public affairs exercised as important and direct an influence on her life as the marriage of the squire or the granting of a new lease does on that of a village girl. It would have been easy to omit them entirely; but in that case the picture of the Princess would have grown quite dim and pale, for this was the element in which she lived and worked. It would have been easy, too, to have given the letters in full; but that might have made the grave we all honour the battlefield of contending sects and factions. The editor of the work before us has avoided these difficulties by dwelling almost exclusively on the private life of the Princess, and touching on public events only in so far as they affected it.

The picture thus given of the Princess as a woman is both vivid and attractive. We see her as a young wife cheerfully accepting the new and comparatively narrow circumstances in which her husband then lived, and endeavouring to make herself at home in them; we see the first happy years of her wedlock and motherhood, the joy of which seems only to have been overshadowed by the memory of her father's death and her mother's affliction; we see her becoming gradually acquainted with her new surroundings, and adopting, as every true wife must do, her husband's sphere as her own, without forgetting her old home, with all its sacred memories and affections; we see her, though only as from afar, taking her part in public life; we follow her into the nursery and the sick-room. And all this is brought before us, not in a cold or dry narrative, but, so to speak, dramatically, every sentence warm with the feeling of the moment.

It is a great thing to have done this. Every line of the sketch is fresh and lifelike. It is true, too; but it is not the whole truth. Those who are best acquainted with the public life of the Princess in Darmstadt, while they will read this book with the greatest interest, will feel its inadequacy most keenly. She possessed in a very high degree not only the pure and noble womanhood, but also the intellectual and moral qualities which distinguish her mother and her elder sister, though she had neither the opportunity nor the desire of showing them on so large a stage. She could work silently and wait patiently. She was right in feeling that in 1870 there was hardly a poor peasant woman in all Germany who was not ready to make sacrifices as great as hers; but it would be wrong for others to forget that what she then did was not the result of momentary impulse. In 1866 she had seen how inadequate the care for the wounded was, and in the midst of peace she quietly set to work to remedy the evil. It was chiefly owing to her continuous exertions that Darmstadt was able to supply sixteen well-trained nurses when the hour of need came.

In other matters, too, she showed the same judgment and self-restraint. No one can feel a greater aversion than she did to what is commonly known as the emancipation of women and the absurdities of its advocates. But she saw that real evils existed, and set to work to remove them. She felt, like Swift, that the cause of many unhappy marriages was to be found in the fact that young ladies are more anxious "to make snares to catch their birds than cages to keep them in," and so, rather to the horror of

advanced reformers, she insisted that it was more important that girls of small means should be taught to sew than to play on the piano. She preferred, too, even in the higher classes some ability to think and reason to a capacity for talking fluent nonsense in a foreign tongue. But she saw well enough that these things, though important, were not the root of the difficulty. Little more than a hundred years ago the flax that a German household needed was spun, the soap and candles it used were made, and the winter store of provisions was cured at home. Hence the demand for female work was great, and every housewife was glad to find assistance in her own relations or those of her husband. A woman was then worth considerably more than her board and lodging. Young men, too, in those days discovered that it was not well to be alone, even in pecuniary respects. They found single life dearer than they supposed married life would be. A great change has passed over the country since then. There are cheap lodgings and dining-rooms in every town, and shops in every village. The candles and soap are doubtless better than they used to be, but the sisters and cousins find that their occupation is gone, and at the same time their chance of marriage is diminished. Princess Alice may not have traced the evil to its historical source, but this renders it only the more remarkable that she should have so clearly perceived the need both of educating women of small means to some practical knowledge of housekeeping and of providing employment for the unmarried. How great and successful her efforts were, how long her patience, how unflagging her interest, might form the subject of a story that is still untold, but would be well worth the telling.

Little is said in the volume before us of the intellectual life of the Princess or of her influence on the thinkers and artists of her time; and thus an undue importance is, doubtless quite unintentionally, lent to her intercourse with David Strauss. To the uninformed reader it might almost seem as if these friendly relations to a great author were an isolated event in her life, whereas they only formed one of many similar incidents. She possessed a great, queenly tolerance; she delighted in attaining to new points of view; she was always ready to listen to new ideas, and not unfrequently suggested them. Her position forbade argument, as any strong expression of opinion on her part would, of course, have silenced any but a very intimate opponent; and this may have led some to suppose she accepted opinions which she only entertained for the moment. She possessed a very unusual talent for making the shy feel at ease and the silent speak, and she brought those who talked with her imperceptibly to the subjects on which she desired to hear their opinion. In a word, she was the centre of an intellectual circle in Darmstadt which will never forget her graciousness or her charm.

There were obvious reasons why such matters as these could not be included in the present memorials. Though incomplete, they afford a touching picture of the daughter, the sister, the wife, the mother. All that Englishmen loved most in the Princess Alice is here, and no one can understand her without reading these letters. Yet the history of her public life still remains unwritten; and that, too, if in due time the fitting writer be forthcoming, will find and deserve many readers.

THREE NOVELS.*

WHATEVER Dr. George Mac Donald's merits may be, he cannot be said to show much versatility. He is an indefatigable worker, no doubt, but his books are turned out mechanically to a pattern. One or two of the best are very good; and for his *Alec Forbes of Howglen*, in particular, we have always felt both liking and admiration. But monotony of conception and mannerism of style must begin to pall upon us in the end; and Dr. Mac Donald himself seems to have come to the conclusion that something more must be done to stimulate his readers. In *Donald Grant* we have the original North-country lad, who naturally takes the lead among his superiors in station. Donald, like the hero in *The Marquis of Lossie*, and many other novels of similar stamp, is one of nature's gentlemen. While always obedient to the behests of a higher power, and doing the work which his conscience imposes upon him, he is the very flower of instinctive courtesy and rough-spoken chivalry. His is a master mind besides, and he is a daringly original thinker. He has formed his own code of dogmatic theology, which he promulgates in season and out of season. He embodies the principles of Dr. Mac Donald's very broad divinity, and seems to take a positive delight in scaring the orthodoxy of Scottish divinity. He meets a minister of the established Kirk on the highway, who is represented rather uncivilly as a spiritual footpad, and easily discomfits that divine in single combat. He domesticates himself with a cobbler who is a kindred spirit, and the type of one of Dr. Mac Donald's invariable characters. For his cobbler is poor, pure, philanthropical, and evangelically minded; he is quaint of speech, ready in repartee; and, while he is represented as being indefatigable in his efforts to do good, delights in setting at defiance the susceptibilities of his neighbours. But Donald, with the simple dignity that, in the overweening vanity of its self-respect, serenely ignores all social distinctions, is as much at home in a castle as in the cobbler's

* *Donald Grant*. By George Mac Donald, LL.D., Author of "Sir Gibbie" &c. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1883.

The Executor. By Mrs. Alexander, Author of "The Wooing o' it" &c. London: Bentley & Son. 1883.

Agnes Moran: a Story of Innocence and Experience. London: Allen & Co. 1883.

cottage. He has left his home and gone in search of a suitable situation; and, considering his free and easy ways, with his conscientious aggressiveness of temperament, we should have said that he was exceedingly unlikely to find one—that is to say, if we could conceive in actual life a person so honestly objectionable as Dr. Mac Donald's hero. But the license of fiction smooths the way for him, and he is forthwith established under the roof of the Earl of Morven as tutor to that nobleman's younger son. That he should assume an influence over the boy sounds natural enough. But he likewise asserts his supremacy over the boy's scoundrelly elder brother, who hates, but nevertheless fears and respects, him. He lectures the young man on his vices and his evil temper, but, in place of being kicked out of doors, he rises in the confidence of the family. The venerable Earl, who is as blackhearted a villain as ever was represented in contemporary romance, invites him to his private apartments and consults him on personal concerns. Consequently, it is only natural that the old Earl's niece, who is heiress to the family estates, and the object of a family conspiracy, should be as wax in the hands of this Admirable Crichton. Morally, Donald may have been as estimable as may be. But we need hardly say that nothing well could be more outrageously absurd than this representing an uncouth Highland lad, who had risen from being a cowboy to the rank of shepherd, as winning his way to the innermost affections of a refined young lady of high rank. It may be urged that conceivably any one woman might be befooled, and that the personal charms of Mr. Donald might have appealed to the Lady Arctura's lower nature. But, at the same time, the rough tutor, who always falls on the slightest provocation into the broadest Scotch, is welcomed to the house of the "factor" on the estate, who is a presumptive heir to the title, with a marriageable sister.

All that is but an extravagant exaggeration of what is become the commonplace staple of Mr. Mac Donald's books. But, as we said, he has deemed it necessary to introduce sensations, and sensations of no ordinary nature, both in the incidents and construction of the plot. We are carried back among the grimiest fancies of the raw-head-and-bloody-bones old-fashioned romance. The discreet Donald, in contempt for conventionalities, is called into the beautiful Lady Arctura's bedroom, to shift massive cupboards, and break into hidden doors. The couple discover not merely one secret chamber, but whole suites of ghastly concealed apartments. They come upon the traces of mysterious crimes, which sufficiently explain mysterious noises which have become so perpetual that the respectable old housekeeper feels rather uncomfortable when rappings behind the wainscots cease. Had it not been for Donald's happy and sudden arrival, when he, after a short absence, has been sent on his mission to the castle by a supernatural warning, Lady Arctura would have been the victim of a similar atrocity, for her uncle the Earl is capable of anything—capable of anything, that is to say, except devising the plausible preliminaries of an infernal plot. For, having resolved to make away with his niece, by way of diverting from himself all possible suspicion, he professes to start with the young lady in a postchaise for London, and then drives back by circuitous roads to their own ancestral hall. The assumption being that Lady Arctura is altogether ignorant of the local topography of the parish in which she has lived all her life; and that innkeepers and postboys will be the dupes of the device, when her disappearance has thrown the North of Scotland into excitement. But by contrast, nothing can appear more probable than that she should have bequeathed the Morven estates to Mr. Donald; that she should have married her sympathetic affinity on her deathbed; and that, with the verbally magnificent generosity of the beggar set on horseback, he should have renounced the broad estates in favour of the next heir.

We have every sympathy with the difficulties that must perpetually beset professional writers of fiction. Anything original in the way of plot is well-nigh unattainable, and fresh sensations may have to be sought in the most out-of-the-way quarters. The danger is that, in going far afield, authors may somewhat overshoot the mark, and may miss scoring a success by overpassing the limits of the likely. That is rather the case with Mrs. Alexander in her novel of *The Executor*. In many respects it is a good and well-told story, and there are scenes as well as chapters which are sufficiently interesting. But, as a rule, we have a sense of the grotesque and far-fetched which very decidedly interfere with our enjoyment. Besides that, there is another fault which is so common that we have almost ceased to protest against it. The strain upon our credulity becomes intolerably intense at the point which should be the very pivot of the interest. Stasie Verner is presented to us as an attractive and somewhat scatter-brained schoolgirl. It is very feminine and extremely natural that she should resent the poverty which dresses her badly and subjects her to a variety of petty humiliations. When all of a sudden the clouds begin to clear away, and she learns that a comfortable independence has been bequeathed to her. Nevertheless the pleasant accession of fortune is not without its drawbacks. She has but a vague idea of the sums at her disposal when she comes of age, and the legacy leaves her as before, without any relatives or personal belongings. In short, she is still a waif on the face of the world, with queer connexions and questionable guardians. For her fortune has come through a fond stepfather, who was a Greek or a mongrel, though a British Vice-Consul in Asia Minor. When the brother of the dead Greek merchant comes to visit her at her school, we understand at once that the man is to be distrusted. He is smooth in manner, olive-coloured in complexion, and irreproachable in dress. Considering

that he has been disappointed of a handsome succession and really rather hardly treated, he seems too civil by half. But he recommends himself at once to the inexperienced girl as much by his liberality as by his overflowing courtesy. He is one of her trustees, and promises to use his influence to secure the emancipation from school restraint for which she longs. And she leaves school to find shelter under the roof of another trustee, who is the ally or accomplice of this Mr. Kharapet. Mr. Harding is a brute; Kharapet is clearly a scoundrel; while the superior guardian, who might legally have controlled them, is a self-satisfied and hen-pecked nonentity. So at once we have a forecast of the anxieties in store for Stasie, not to speak of more serious dangers. Kharapet, as we feel sure, is capable of anything, so long at least as he can go to work in fancied security. So it turns out. He has made up his mind, by marrying her, to secure herself and her fortune. The scheme fails, because, although she had liked him as a trustee, she honestly tells him that she can never be his wife. Then his course is plain; for in the event of her demise he succeeds as next of kin to his brother's inheritance. We have a plot *à la* Wilkie Collins or Gaboriau, and an insinuating Hindoo is introduced into the household, who treats the heroine with doses of a subtle poison. We are persuaded, of course, that her life is safe, but the clever medical man she is evidently destined to marry can have no such sense of security. On the contrary, his anxiety is wearing him to the bone. He is represented as being as prompt of action as he is ready of thought; and, by speaking out at once, he could have set down his foot and put a stop at once to a most diabolical scheme. But, at the same time, he must have cut short the novel somewhere towards the close of the second volume. So he hesitates, in absolute inconsistency with himself, while the story is carried along through the regulation number of chapters; and there it is that we discover the fatal flaw in the plot. Notwithstanding which the book, take it all in all, is far more readable than most fictions by ladies.

Agnes Moran, metaphysically speaking, is a story of innocence, but not of experience. It shows in each of its chapters that it is the production of a novice; there is a glaring want of artistic construction, and yet we should say, from internal evidence, that Mr. Pinkerton might write a telling story. He has sketched some effective characters and marred some striking scenes. But the whole of his work has been loosely put together, and he has wasted material which he might have advantageously economised. Anything more rambling than the beginnings of the story we have seldom met with, even in a maiden effort; but, as the tale goes on, he tightens his grasp, and makes us regret that he had not rewritten the earlier portions. Some of his leading characters have grown under his hands till apparently he has begun to realize their capabilities. His heroine, Agnes Moran, scarcely comes seriously to the front till in the concluding chapters. His hero Holmwood is purposeless, self-indulgent, and a nonentity; yet latterly we are conscious of certain redeeming qualities in him, and we are rather sorry for his fate when he runs away with a fool, to be subsequently shot by the outraged husband. And the girl whom he was induced to marry seemed more of a nonentity than himself; and in so far they appeared to be happily mated. Yet Imogen, in the most dramatic scene of the novel, shows a strength of resolution and common sense, of which we should never have suspected her; when she suggests very sensibly to her husband that bygones had better be bygones, and that they should fly together from the siren who threatens their domestic peace. But when Holmwood hesitates and declines, we feel that it is all over with him, and then such interest as there is in the story practically ends. A scene of the kind should either have been reserved for the climax, or else it ought to have had very different results.

SCARTH'S ROMAN BRITAIN.*

THIS little book will probably, by virtue of its subject, be one of the most popular of the "Early Britain" series. That "the Romans in Britain long did sway" is perhaps the most generally known fact in the history of this island; and the study of the Roman remains in Britain is perhaps that which attracts the greatest number of amateurs in archaeology. Wherever there is a Roman camp, real or supposed, a Roman road, a Roman villa, even a bit of Roman masonry, there is sure to be some one who will be glad of such a book as Mr. Scarth's, which combines history with archaeology, and gives in a convenient form the results of the latest research. The three main sources from which the author has drawn are Horsley's *Britannia Romana*; the *Monumenta Historica Britannica*, published by the Record Commission in 1848, a valuable but cumbersome work; and the seventh volume, with "Additaments," of the *Corpus Inscriptionum Latinarum*, published by the Royal Academy of Berlin, and containing all the Roman inscriptions found in Britain. In addition, Mr. Scarth brings to his task a long and intimate acquaintance with the Proceedings of the various archaeological Societies—an enormous advantage to the writer of a book of this class, who otherwise

would have to spend years in hunting up and down for the papers bearing upon his subject. Mr. Scarth regards

archaeology as the handmaid of history, and as giving a life and colour to it which can never be attained from a simple study of written history. The examination of Roman remains, the inspection of Roman coins, the study of Roman buildings, give a reality to history which no amount of reading and scholarship can supply. Scholarship and archaeology should go hand-in-hand, and should be made subservient to the highest purposes.

These last words prepare us to find that the author feels, not merely an archaeological, but a religious, interest in the growth of the Roman power as being connected with the spread of Christianity. And this brings us to the point of our disagreement with him. He is given over to the theories of Mr. Coote, upon whom he draws largely, even following him in his unscholarly fashion of printing two half-lines of Juvenal as one:—

"Vivant Artorius istic et Catulus.

This name of Artorius has, as readers of Mr. Coote know, a great deal put upon it. Because "a line of Juvenal authenticates" it "as Roman," and because Artor appears in Domesday as the name of Lincolnshire and Yorkshire men—who surely have a right to complain of having so disreputable a connexion as Juvenal's Artorius forced upon them by modern theory-makers—we are to see "proof of Roman influence continuing to exist for ages after Roman Britain had become English"—the quotation is from Mr. Scarth, summing up the substance of Mr. Coote's arguments. He goes on to observe that "it is in the language, the laws, and the customs which survive that we must look for enduring traces of Roman influence, rather than in buildings or architectural remains," to which we should be inclined to add that when we look for these traces we do not find them, at least not to any appreciable extent. It is not by trifles such as the resemblance of Artor to Artorius that we can be convinced that our laws and our language are Roman. Much of the current philological speculation on this subject strikes us as on a level with that of D'Artagnan in *Vingt ans après*, when hearing—or believing that he heard—"Parlais-tu *anglais*?" cried about the streets of London, he observed that "l'anglais n'est que du français mal prononcé."

The main contention of this school is that the English conquest of Roman Britain went no deeper than the Frankish conquest of Gaul; and Mr. Scarth calmly asserts that "there is no reason for supposing that Britain suffered more from hostile invasion than Gaul and other portions of the Roman empire which were overrun by barbarous or semi-barbarous peoples in the decline of the Roman empire." To say the least, there are very strong reasons for supposing it. Without entering into further argument, we may ask again the question which has often been asked, but which, as far as we have seen, is never answered by the promulgators of this belief. Why is not England as distinctly Roman and British as France is Roman and Gallic? Certainly we do not find any attempt to answer it in Mr. Scarth's book. The following passage shows how weak his grasp of the subject is:—

In Gaul, in Spain, in Germany, the Roman names of towns, cities, and places which still survive under an altered form, are a further proof of Roman manners and influence long surviving there as well as in Britain.

Nobody questions the permanence of Roman influence in Gaul—the point at issue is whether it was similarly permanent in Britain. Whatever stress may be laid upon the occurrence of a Latin word here and there, no one seriously attempts to prove that the English language is, like the French, only modified Latin; still less that it is Welsh; and yet we are required to believe in the continued existence in the English districts of a numerous and highly-civilized Romano-British population, necessarily either Latin or Welsh-speaking. As for the influence of Romano-British Christianity, in which Mr. Scarth seems to believe, we need only advert to the distinct statement of Beda that in his own day—more than a century after the conversion of his countrymen—the Britons would have no more communion with the English than with Pagans.

The British Church suggests the Druids—we mean no disrepect to British Christianity, but it certainly shares with British Druidism the property of causing a great deal of foolish speech and writing. There is too much of the Druids in the pages of Mr. Scarth, who would have done well to take example by the caution of his fellow-worker and predecessor, Professor Rhys, to whose subject the Druids more properly belong, but who is much less precise about them. It is rash to apply to the Druids of Britain, of whom we know next to nothing, all that is recorded of the Druids of Gaul. Mr. Scarth twice avers, in slightly varying words, that Caesar "tells us that Mona or Anglesea was accounted the seminary of the Druidic class." Where does Caesar tell us this? He tells us that Britain was considered to be the original home of the Druidic "disciplina"; but the only Mona he mentions—and it is not in connexion with the Druids—is generally understood to be the Isle of Man. Tacitus introduces Druids, with altars and sacred groves, into his well-known account of the invasion of Mona by Suetonius, and it is, we imagine, by "combining their information" that modern writers have arrived at the conclusion that Mona was the Druidic seminary. It is probable enough, indeed, that Druidism was especially strong in the West-country, either because that form of religion originated, as Professor Rhys supposes, among those Iberian aborigines whom the Celtic Britons thrust westward, or simply because the West was the wildest and most uncivilized part of the country; but all this is matter of inference and conjecture. Mr. Scarth adopts a not very profound observation of Dr. Döllinger's, that "in spite of the perfection to which the

* *Early Britain—Roman Britain*. By the Rev. H. M. Scarth, M.A., Prebendary of Wells, and Rector of Wrington, Somerset; Member of the Royal Archaeological Institute, and V. P. of the Archaeological Association, &c. With Map. Published under the direction of the Committee of General Literature and Education appointed by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge. London: Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge.

Druid system had arrived amongst them, the Britons were very low in the scale of civilization at the time of the Roman conquest," as if it were strange that a sanguinary system of sorcery and augury should thrive amongst savages; and he proceeds to add that "they"—seemingly the Britons generally—"tattooed themselves, and wore skins of wild beasts." Now, it has often been pointed out that the latter part of this description should not be applied to the Britons generally. It is the *interiores* whom Caesar, very likely speaking from hearsay only, distinguishes as skin-clad; and the inference is that the comparatively civilized coast-dwellers had advanced further in the art of dress, which falls in with Professor Rhys's etymology of *Brython* (Briton) and kindred names as denoting a cloth-clad people. Indeed, in an earlier passage, Mr. Scarth himself writes of the Britons, "They seem to have possessed coarse cloths as well as dressed skins, and even fine clothes were in use among the higher orders"; so that there has been some carelessness in compilation. There is also something strange in the following statement:—

The portion of Britain known as the "Saxon Shore" is supposed to have been so called because it was subjected to piratical attacks from the northern tribes beyond the mouths of the Rhine. This is asserted by Beda, and in the *Chronicle of Ethelward*, but it is not improbable that settlements in South Britain from these parts had been very early effected.

If Beda and *Æthelweard* really give this explanation of the much-discussed name of the "Saxon Shore," it is odd that their statements should have been overlooked in the controversy on the subject. We were hitherto unaware that the term "Saxon Shore" occurred in those historians. Perhaps, however, Mr. Scarth only means to cite their authority for the fact of the piratical attacks; but his language is liable to be misunderstood.

Altogether, useful as the work will be to those many readers who already feel an interest in Roman antiquities, it is not so well adapted to awaken such an interest where it does not previously exist. Considered as a history, it strikes us as somewhat feebly executed. There is nothing very attractive in such a note-book style as that of the following consecutive paragraphs:—

Elephants are stated to have accompanied the army of Claudius, as well as the second campaign of Julius Caesar.

The vast earthworks still remaining at Lexden, one mile from Colchester, give some idea of the strength and extent of the capital of Canubeline taken by Claudius.

Neither is there much satisfaction to be derived from such a bald piece of information as this:—"It would occupy too much space to attempt to describe others [Roman fortresses], as Pevensey, supposed to have been the ancient 'Anderida,' where very interesting remains still exist." It does not occur to Mr. Scarth to remind his readers of the terrible destruction which finally overtook Anderida, or to speak of the physical alteration of that part of the coast. The great forest of Anderida he does mention elsewhere, and he quotes from Mr. Elton a description of the south-eastern marshes and woodlands—when we come upon a striking and vigorous passage, it is apt to prove to be an extract from Mr. Elton. Mr. Scarth himself has no great descriptive power, and it is hardly too much to say that a more vivid idea of Roman Britain may be derived from the brief account in the opening chapter of Green's *Short History* than from the whole of this work. Nobody will be much helped to realize the nature of the Roman dominion by being told:—"In the museum at York there are the bronze plates of a shield, which contain a variety of subjects engraved on them." This kind of information is not of much value in itself, and if wanted, it can be got out of catalogues and guide-books. And if the object was to describe existing Roman remains, it would have been as well to tell the reader whether "the remains of very strong Roman walls" at Gloucester are to be seen above or below ground. As a matter of fact, the walls of Gloucester exist only as fragments in cellars and other subterranean places, notably below the enterprising printing-office which sends forth microscopic French dictionaries. We may also note that when Mr. Scarth incidentally observes, "These inferences are supported by the evidence of the 'Monumentum Ancyranum,' which mentions the names of British kings who fled to Augustus, and sought his protection," there is danger that, in default of further information, half his readers will jump to the conclusion that the "Monumentum Ancyranum" is somewhere in this island, and will be puzzled at hearing no more about it. The misprint of "Earldorman" for "Ealdorman" also should be rectified.

The most interesting parts of the work are the descriptions of Uriconium, and, in an appendix, of the recent uncovering of the remains of a Romano-Gallic city at Saunay, near Poitiers. In this latter passage the absence of any date is a fault which should be repaired. "Lately" and "recently" soon become very unsatisfactory and misleading indications of time, particularly in a book which bears no date on the title-page—a bad practice to which we are sorry to see the S.P.C.K. giving in.

LECTURES AND NOTES ON SHAKSPEARE.

IT is a good notion to collect Coleridge's criticisms on Shakespeare which form the bulk of Mr. Ashe's book, but it might have been carried out in a different and better manner, so as to avoid the repetition of the same matter which so often occurs in the present volume. The notes of lectures as taken by the late Mr.

* *Lectures and Notes on Shakespeare and other English Poets.* By Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Now first collected by T. Ashe, B.A. London: Bell & Sons. 1883.

Collier are, as indeed might have been expected, sometimes almost identical with what appears on the same points in the *Literary Remains*, the *Biographia Literaria*, and in the reports of the lectures given at Bristol. Still, the matter thus brought together is so valuable that repetition is an offence more easily to be forgiven than any sins of omission would have been. Coleridge must always be ranked as belonging to the highest order of Shakspearian critics; all his words are worth preserving, and deserve the widest circulation which can be given to them. His description of the especial characteristics of Shakspeare, as distinguishing him from other dramatic poets of his age, has never been surpassed in critical acumen. He preferred to work upon expectation rather than to surprise. He adhered to the great law of nature, that all opposites tend to attract and temper each other. He kept at all times in the high road of life. He did not make his dramatic interest depend on his plots, the interest in which is rather made to depend on the characters. He never took the trouble of inventing stories. He largely mingled the lyrical with the dramatic element in his plays. His characters, like those in real life, are to be inferred from what they say and do, and are not described. He followed the main-line of march of the human affections, without entering into any minute analysis of the passions or faiths of men, being assured that they were grounded in our common nature. Upon these grounds, amplified as they were by Coleridge, he justly claimed for Shakspeare the title of a true philosopher.

The critics on particular plays are full of the finest appreciation of their excellencies; and, if proposed emendations do not always commend themselves as worthy of acceptance, it can only be remarked that Coleridge did not escape the fate which seems inevitable for all who approach the text of Shakspeare. The very intensity of the desire to improve it has seemed to confuse the commentators and to bring on sometimes a strange bewilderment of reason and common sense, of which they, happily for themselves, appear to remain unconscious.

The subject of stage illusion, and the due limits to the use of scenery, properties, and costumes, has lately received much attention. Coleridge had some excellent opinions on these points, although his utterances are not always quite consistent with each other. He laid it down that the unities of the Greek drama grew mainly out of the size and construction of the ancient theatres, and infers that all dramatic performance was then regarded as merely ideal, a conclusion which it is not easy to follow. The true nature of the representations in a Greek theatre was, however, far less well understood seventy or eighty years ago than it now is; and the restoration of *The Birds* of Aristophanes to the stage at Cambridge may probably astonish many people, and convince them of an amount of realism in the Athenian theatre of which they had had little conception. The extent to which the actual reproduction of nature in art should be carried has long formed matter for discussion. For painting and sculpture little remained to be said on the matter after the production of Lessing's *Laocoön*; but the same rules cannot be made to apply altogether to the art of the theatre which are there so excellently discussed and applied to pictures and statues. Yet they must have something, and a good deal, in common, and for all art it is true, as Coleridge puts it, that what is required is the representation of a thing, and not the reality; the imitation, and not the thing itself. But on the stage the powers of imitation, without trenching on actual reality, are far more extensive than they can be in painting or sculpture. When the words of a poet or the delineations of a painter are embodied by an actor, it is after all only a truism to say, as Campbell did, in the well-known lines copied from the saying of Simonides, that the first cease to be airy thought, and the latter to be dumb. This would be true of a recitation in a room without any of the usual dramatic accessories. But place the actor on the stage, in theatrical costume, in the midst of all its decorations and usual surroundings, and it is plain that a great deal more may be done without fairly rousing objections to supposed excess in the direction of realism. How much may be done is a question of degree, and depends, not so much upon any absolute and universal canons of art, as upon what can be well done, and upon the expectations and previous knowledge of the audience; and this reduces the whole matter to a question of convention and practice rather than one of rigid principle.

It is well known that Garrick gave a more significant and warlike costume to Macbeth than the dress previously worn in the part by putting him into a general's uniform of the period, and this was a step towards the outward individualization of the character, and therefore in its effect realistic. So when John Kemble dressed him in a modern Highland costume—this was historically as untrue as the George III. uniform, but it helped to realize the character as a Scottish one. When Walter Scott plucked the heavy black plumes of the regulation infantry cap of a Highland regiment from Kemble's brow, and replaced them by the single eagle's feather of a Scottish chief, this was not a further movement in the direction of realism, as it still left Macbeth's dress as unlike what the real usurper really wore as it was before. The dress adopted by Mr. Irving for the part was probably very similar to that actually worn by Macbeth, as ascertained from the best available authorities for the costume of his period. No one can pretend to say that these actors played better or worse for the alterations in their dresses and the consequent ones in the dresses of the other persons on the stage; but, when audiences came to know that Macbeth was an historical personage living in Scotland at a known date, an expectation of some accuracy of representation became natural and reasonable, and it

became right to attempt to gratify it. It is not necessary to dwell on the obvious propriety of attending to the costume of Greek, Roman, Eastern, or historical plays of any period. This has been matter of gradual recognition ever since the days of Shakespeare, and no one can doubt that, if he and his audiences had known as much as is now known, and if his stage management could have done as much as can now be done, it would have been then done.

The same sort of progress and gradual awakening is to be noticed in other regions of art. One can fancy an ancient Egyptian sculptor horrified at first seeing a Greek statue with its arms and legs detached from the body, and exclaiming that art was going to ruin. And so from time to time old playgoers are always to be found complaining of the progress of what they call realism on the stage, and ascribing to it a supposed decline in the actor's art. The true test seems to be whether novelties in stage effect assist the general appreciation of the drama, or, on the contrary, distract attention from it. This is well illustrated in an anecdote told by Marmontel in his *Memoirs*. The celebrated mechanician Vaucanson made for him an automaton asp, to be used as a "property" in his tragedy of *Cleopatra*, and it exactly imitated the movements of a real snake. But the surprise occasioned by this masterpiece of mechanical ingenuity was so great as to interfere with the interest of the spectators in the true action of the piece, and its employment was accordingly abandoned. Any novelty may at first and for a short time have this effect, but even one so startling as this might soon fall into its place and, instead of interfering with, assist in promoting the general effect of the performance.

In order to understand the mental condition of early audiences, such as those who witnessed the plays of Shakespeare at the Globe Theatre, it may be well to consider the children of the present—and indeed of all—times. They can "pretend" anything in their games and amusements. A corner of the room is a robber's cave—a chair is a throne—or three put together become a stage coach or a railway train. A stick serves as a sword or sceptre, and any bits of stuff become gorgeous robes of State. Any interference on the part of the elders with the established convention of the moment is indignantly resented. Two little brothers once used to recite the well-known scene in *Julius Caesar* between Brutus and Cassius, but nothing would induce them to do it unless they stood in front of a small fire-screen, not more than a yard high and of less width, nor unless their brown-holland pinnafores (then usually worn by children) were transferred to their backs to represent Roman togas; neither would their audience in the nursery have been content to

Sit and see,

Minding true things by what their mockeries be

any more than the spectators at Blackfriars would have been without having their humble expectations of scenic effect gratified, whatever they may have been. It was going too far and incurring a considerable expense without any adequate advantage when real heavy plaster of Paris casts were taken from the capitals of the columns in the Place of St. Mark, for the beautiful production of *The Merchant of Venice* by Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. The scenery of *The Cup* at the Lyceum was largely made up of solid and ponderous parts, and occasioned enormous difficulties in setting the stage, and also in like manner exceeded the limits of what was really wanted to produce a real effect. But, as has already been remarked, it is all a question of degree and not of principle. Mr. Irving, in one of his recent conversations in America with an enterprising and persevering interviewer, is reported to have said, "I try to get as near truth as possible. If it were the hovel of King Lear, I would have a real hovel; and if it were the palace of Cleopatra, I would make it as gorgeous as the possibilities of art would allow." By a real hovel he could not have meant a building of real stones or mud, nor by a real palace a structure of real marble; but, as qualified by himself, something as like them as could by the best resources of the theatre be obtained.

The question of lighting in reference to stage illusion has not been so much discussed as those of scenery and costume, but is intimately connected with them. In Shakespeare's time all performances in public theatres took place by daylight, and there must have been a good deal of "pretending" when a night scene occurred. When artificial lighting was introduced it was at first very simple and insufficient. A row of candles on the stage, in the place of the modern footlights, with chandeliers overhead, visible to the audience, and like those in an ordinary room, sufficed to light the stage, and gave no offence by their incongruity, of which indeed there was also enough in the presence of spectators sitting on the stage. Then came argand lamps, and the increasing expense of oil would have ruined the theatres if gas had not in good time come to their rescue. Finally we have the electric light, which as the closest approach to the light of the real sun or the real moon, as well as to real lightning, which indeed it actually is, must be taken as the consummation of realism in the way of lighting. Yet who would on this account wish to discard so admirable an accessory to the finest stage effects?

The whole matter is brought together by Coleridge in another place to the effect that the imitation of reality in art, whether of external things, actions, or passions, is to be secured only under a semblance of reality. The painter represents a natural landscape in his picture, but with no intention of deceiving. But in a panorama or on the theatrical stage deception is not only allowable, but is the very object to be attained, under the influence of impressions which, whether referred to as the half-faith of grown-

up persons or the entire belief of children, are in their nature only temporary. The methods used exhibit the greatest triumph of art and mechanical arrangement when they are of the simplest and cheapest kind. And there are occasions when the theatre may be quitted at the close of a fine performance, in which acting and all the combined illusions of the stage have done their best, and when the transition to the crowded streets of a great city outside the mimic scene is made with the feeling that it is the real world which has been left, and a world of falsehood and unreality which has been entered.

FAIRS, PAST AND PRESENT.*

ON the history and origin of fairs a great deal has been written. The subject, in fact, is perhaps the most interesting of all those connected with the early history of trade. We do not, however, believe, with Mr. Walford, that the first fairs were formed by the gathering of worshippers and pilgrims in sacred places. This would imply that there were no fairs at all except in sacred places, whereas the contrary seems evident, because, whether they be sacred or not, there must be at certain distances places where things can be sold. On the other hand, it is also well known that the gathering of pilgrims at sacred places and at certain times was generally accompanied by the gathering of traders; first, because the great influx of people caused increased demand for supplies of all sorts, and, next, because pilgrimages have always been made the occasions for spending money, merriment, and extravagances of all kinds. Thus, there were fairs in Greece, at the Games, and at Delphi, and other places of oracles and temples; but there was also an autumn fair at Thermopylae, which was not a sacred place. So, also, there was a fair held about the Oak Mamre, a place of pilgrimage near Hebron, for Jews and Christians alike; and another in the open area opposite the Basilica of Constantine, in Jerusalem, held yearly on the 15th of September. This latter fair was undoubtedly a result of the concourse of pilgrims, though Eusebius speaks of it as if it were already contemplated at the building of the Church. So also with the great fairs of France. That of Toulouse was connected, doubtless, with the saint and martyr in whose honour the stately church named after him was erected; that at Marseilles may have been connected with the famous Black Virgin; but was there ever any particularly sacred tradition attached to Beaucaire? And in earlier times, as in the time of Charlemagne, when the great fairs were at Aix-la-Chapelle and at Troyes, there seems to have been no special religious meaning for the selection of those towns.

As regards the origin of fairs in England, they have, like everything else in England, been assigned to the inventive genius of King Alfred. With greater probability, it has been argued that the Court presided over by bishop and ealdorman was the cause of the earliest fairs. However that may be, legislation affecting fairs began very long ago, and courts of Piepowder were established at a very early period as tribunals where all cases of dispute could be speedily and readily settled. These courts had jurisdiction in commercial cases only, and tried them by a jury of traders formed on the spot; they could only try a thief if he was caught within the bounds of the fair; they could only sit during fair-time; and could only hold cognizance of things happening during the fair. Mr. Walford gives a short and instructive history of all the legislation concerning these courts, and the rights of merchants, English and foreign, trading at them.

The greatest of English fairs was formerly that of Sturbridge, held near Cambridge, which was proclaimed on the Feast of the Raising and Exaltation of the Cross and lasted to the Eve of Holy Cross. How great and important the fair became has been well described by Professor Thorold Rogers, whom Mr. Walford quotes:—

Besides the people who poured forth from the great towns—from London, Norwich, Colchester, Oxford, places in the beginning of the fourteenth century of great comparative importance, and who gave their names, or, in case certain branches of commerce had been planted in particular London streets, the names of such streets, to the rows of booths in the three-weeks' fair of Sturbridge—there were, beyond doubt, the representatives of many nations collected together to this great mart of medieval commerce. The Jew, expelled from England, had given place to the Lombard exchanger. The Venetian and Genoese merchant came with his precious stock of Eastern produce, his Italian silks and velvets, his store of delicate glass. The Flemish weaver was present with his linens of Liege and Ghent. The Spaniard came with his stock of iron, the Norwegian with his tar and pitch. The Gascon wine-grower was ready to trade in the produce of his vineyard; and, more rarely, the richer growths of Spain, and, still more rarely, the vintages of Greece were also supplied. The Hanse towns sent furs and amber, and probably were the channel by which the precious stones of the East were supplied through the markets of Moscow and Novgorod.

The Fair was granted by King John for the benefit of a certain hospital for lepers, but it does not appear from Mr. Walford's account whether the King gave an existing fair or created a new one. It very speedily rose into importance, and very naturally there were continual disputes between the University and the town on the subject of the Vice-Chancellor's authority. The proctors arrested persons whom the mayor refused to receive; the proctors put them in gaol, but the town authorities let them out again; the University excommunicated the mayors for perjury; they punished merchants for forestalling, and seem to have claimed, if not to have exercised, complete control over the fairs. In the year 1544, how-

* *Fairs, Past and Present: a Chapter in the History of Commerce.* By Cornelius Walford. London: Elliot Stock. 1883.

ever, it was decreed by the Lord Chancellor and the Duke of Norfolk that the Vice-Chancellor should hold a court at the fair for all pleas where scholars were concerned, and that he should have jurisdiction in all matters of weights, measures, regraters, and forestallers. This limitation seems purposely intended to withhold from the University control over the morals and order of the Fair which were thus left to the charge of the Mayor and Aldermen. The Proclamation of the Fair by the University for the year 1548 is given at length by Mr. Walford, but in the same century we hear of fresh disputes between the Town and Gown concerning the preservation of order.

There is no fair, not even that of Bartholomew, which has been mentioned so often and described so fully. The notorious Ned Ward visited and described it after his style and with great detail; Defoe, in the year 1723, either visited or pretends to have visited the fair, which he describes at length. In the year 1709 there was published a Latin poem of five hundred lines called *Nundinae Sturbigienses*, by Thomas Hill, Fellow of Trinity. Carter published an account of the fair in the year 1749, and Hone, in his *Year Book*, describes it in the year 1802.

The fair still lingers on; its commercial importance is gone, and of all the merchandise which was formerly brought here, there only now remain horses, onions, and implements of wood. Moreover, it only lasts now for three days. Mr. Walford's History appears opportunely while it has not yet ceased to exist. The volume contains, in addition, an account of Bartholomew Fair, in which Mr. Walford has been anticipated by a previous writer. It only remains to be said that the book is compiled with great labour and care, and is, in reality, what it professes to be, a Chapter in the History of Commerce.

MINOR GEOGRAPHIES AND HISTORIES.*

MR. BARING-GOULD'S *Germany* is one of a series of handbooks on "Foreign Countries and British Colonies," each warranted as being the work of an author who has special acquaintance with his subject. In the present volume the promise is well fulfilled. The author of *Germany, Past and Present*, has condensed the large store of knowledge which he possesses about this middle land of Europe into a very readable little book of some two hundred pages. Judging wisely that the physical geography of any given country cannot be rightly understood until some knowledge of its geological structure has been acquired, the author devotes his first chapter to a consideration of the various upheavals and subsidences whose effects, modified by the work of ice and water, has resulted in the Germany of the modern map. Geographically speaking, he divides the country into four regions—the great Northern Plain, which borders the North Sea and the Baltic; the mountain region, which traverses the centre; the slopes of the Alps, and the Alpine range itself. As Mr. Baring-Gould justly observes, the geography of Germany is more difficult to understand and to remember than that of most of the other countries of Europe, on account of the want of any clearly-defined natural boundaries; and consequently many travellers come home with very vague notions as to the nature of the countries they have passed through. His fourfold division is certainly a rational one, and ought to lead to a better understanding of the varied physical forces of the country. A section of the book is devoted to each of these several divisions. Of these the first, treating of the great Northern plain, strikes us as being the most exhaustive and the most interesting, perhaps because it is the region that is least known to the English tourist. Much of what Mr. Gould has to tell about it has all the charm of novelty. Most readers will be surprised, for instance, to learn that the devastation wrought by the moving sandhills of the Dunes far exceeds that of the landslips and avalanches of the Alps, and that the "map of the coast is studded with places marked 'buried villages'." And on the Mehrung of Courland four fishing hamlets and many farms that were standing at the beginning of the present century are now represented by sandhills a few hundred feet high. All this destruction is to be traced to the cupidity which prompted the felling of the belts of pine-trees which formed a natural screen to stay the progress of the sand. Such a belt of pines on the Mehrung, between Danzig and Pillau, was turned into money by Frederick William I. It brought him in 30,000*l.*; but the Haff was shortly after nearly choked up and the passage from Elbing to the sea impeded. Mr. Gould gives some curious particulars concerning the Amber fishery which was first established by the Teutonic Knights, who preserved the monopoly with the most jealous care. It is still a Crown monopoly, though farmed by the Government, and the value of the yearly returns seems almost incredible. Mr. Gould states them as amounting from various modes of collecting to 188,000*l.* per annum. Leaving the sand-strewn

strip of coast and turning inland under Mr. Gould's guidance, we visit in the Marshes the noted grazing land of Germany, the "Lake-land," and the peat-mosses of the "Spree-Wald," where, as in Holland, canals take the place of roads, and which once formed an inaccessible refuge to the Wends, just as our own Isle of Ely did to the English. It is curious to note that here it is the system of drains or canals that are called the "Fehne," or Fen, instead of the swamp itself. Nothing can be more desolate than the picture given of life in these moors or mosses, where no living thing seems to thrive save the mosquito, though how that insect can flourish where there is so little human prey seems a marvel. However these moors, it seems, are as capable of being reclaimed as our own fen land, and where at one time the only sign of human life was the turf-cutter's hovel, in which the parents, the children, the pony and the cow, all lived in family together, there are now thriving villages, and even such a town as Pappenburg, with 6,000 inhabitants and 150 trading vessels.

But Mr. Baring-Gould does not confine himself to the geography of Germany. Its history, ethnology, and existing social state are each in turn the subject of his consideration. The concluding chapters on the constitution of the Empire, the Government, the army, and the several strata of which German society is composed, are well worth reading, and throw a very clear light on such difficult subjects as the system of election to the Bundesrat and the Reichstag, "ebenbürtigkeit" and "mediatization," and other matters about which English ideas are in general extremely hazy. But what gives the chief value to the book is the fact, evident in every page, that the writer has an intimate knowledge of the land and the people, and has not collected his materials from hearsay evidence or the books of others, but from personal observation. Here and there we could wish that he had not yielded to the temptation of using words that are not English, as "glacis" for mountain-slopes, and "echelonné" for terraced—a word which we venture to say no one could even guess at the meaning of, unless he were already familiar with the French "échelonné." But, with so much that is excellent, it seems ungracious to cavil at trifles; and Mr. Baring-Gould's book is not only an admirable handbook for the traveller, but might also be used with advantage as a text-book of geography, being perhaps all the fitter for that purpose because it has not been written as a school-book.

In the *Geography Reading Book* we follow the fortunes of the same "Johnny" whose acquaintance we made a short while since in the first parts of the same series. In the present volume he makes the tour of England, Scotland, and Ireland. The account of all he sees and hears is conveyed in the form of conversation, which many children find easier to follow than a continuous narrative. The author has adopted the idea we have more than once suggested of taking the chief lines of rail in the country as the main threads of the geography lesson, calling attention to the physical features of the country passed on the way, and giving some account of the towns at which the principal stations occur. The geography of Australasia and British North America is introduced in the form of letters from a schoolfellow who is supposed to be travelling in those distant quarters of the globe. The whole forms an attractive little volume, enlivened with several maps and pleasant little pictures on nearly every page. It is well adapted for use as a reading book, both in schools and private schoolrooms, and a great deal that is useful may be learned from it, about the countries themselves and also the people inhabiting them. The author has certainly succeeded in giving the first lessons in geography in a form that is at once simple and attractive.

The *Senior Poetical Reader* contains most of the stock pieces of English poetry commonly used for readings and recitations, with the addition of some specimens of the American poets not quite so familiarly known. The only novelty in its arrangement, to distinguish it from a hundred other similar selections, is that the notes explanatory of the text are printed in the margin instead of at the bottom of the page. This is in some respects an improvement on the old system, as it makes reference to the notes easier and less likely to result in confusion. But the notes themselves are very poor and prosaic, and occasionally show much ignorance.

The fifth part of the *English History Reading Books* published by the National Society is intended as a sequel to the volumes of the series already issued, which we have noticed from time to time as they appeared. This volume, therefore, is devoted to the history of social life in Britain from prehistoric times down to the present day. The illustrations begin with delineations of bone and flint implements, and end with a portrait of the Laureate, copied from a photograph by Messrs. Elliot & Fry, and the letterpress contains instruction concerning the wide range of manners that lies between these two extremes of civilization, tracing the successive steps by which the wants of man have grown from the bone needle or the flint arrowhead of the primitive man to the all-pervading photographic album that may be looked on as a characteristic feature of the civilization of our own day. A previous knowledge of the political facts of the national history is taken for granted. These pages deal solely with the development of society in the widest sense of the term. Of necessity, therefore, they contain much of those petty details of dress and manners with which Miss Yonge is so well acquainted, and which she knows so well how to describe. Such details of domestic life or of Court pageantry no doubt give life to the history of any given time and are very attractive to young readers. And, instead of the vague terms in which most little books of the kind convey their information, or

* *Germany*. By S. Baring-Gould. London: Sampson Low & Co. 1883.

Geography Reading Books. Part IV. London: National Society. 1883.

Senior Poetical Reader. By P. R. Jackson. London: Burns & Oates.

English History Reading Books. Part V. By Charlotte M. Yonge. London: National Society.

Middle England. By J. G. Hefford, B.A. London: Marcus Ward & Co.

Middle England. London: George Philip & Son.

rather conceal the want of it, Miss Yonge gives her young readers facts clear and precise. For the details of housekeeping she brings forward such unimpeachable authorities as the entries in old account-books. From Chaucer's *Tales* she takes her types of the society of the fourteenth century; while for sketches of the manners during the Wars of the Roses she digs in that rich mine of amusing gossip the *Paston Letters*. In her concluding chapters she touches in a liberal and enlightened spirit on the Poor-law, the repeal of the Corn-laws, the Reform Bill, the Factory Acts, and all the great measures which have led to the amelioration of the condition of the working classes; and her remarks on compulsory education are very sensible and to the point. Miss Yonge's philology is not always as trustworthy as her history. The word "bachelor," to cite the first instance that occurs to us, she supposes to be of Welsh origin. The derivation is very obviously through the French "bachelier," from the Latin "baccalaria," a peasant proprietor, literally a keeper of cows, according to Brachet, who traces the various steps by which the word has come to have the several meanings in which it is now used, including the forged derivation invented for "baccalaureus" (*bacca lauri*, *baie de laurier*), thus twisting it into some connexion with the laurels of Apollo. We are surprised to find Miss Yonge affixing the masculine suffix *a* to the name of Hild, the famous Abbess of Whitby.

The two remaining books on our list both treat of the same period of English history, from the accession of the first of the Angevins to the death of Elizabeth. Both also bear the title *Middle England*. The one is the third part of Marcus Ward's *History Readers*; and, as it is by the Head-Master of a Board School, we are rather surprised to find him in his book repeating much of the old-fashioned confusion about the Continental possessions of the Angevins. Guienne is reckoned as part of France, and we are told that Henry II. "had been made Duke of Normandy." The book throughout betrays a strange ignorance of the writings of modern historians, to say nothing of original authorities. The author of the other *Middle England*, one of Philip's *School Series*, is not any better informed. He, too, talks of Henry II. as the "most powerful Prince in France," and makes the strange statement that Edgar Atheling was the grandson of Edward the Confessor. Yet the preface gravely declares the design of the book to be "lay carefully the foundations" of history, and lays great stress upon the "accuracy" of its pages. It were to be wished that the scholars both of Board and other schools could be protected from having so much ignorant rubbish imposed upon them, and that, if special subjects are to be taught in the reading lessons, the books used should be at least written by those who are thoroughly versed in these subjects.

A HISTORY OF THE PAPACY DURING THE REFORMATION.*

M. R. CREIGHTON has given us these two large volumes merely as the fraction of a greater whole. Indeed, unless we date back "the Reformation" to the Council of Constance, or even to the Council of Pisa, we can only regard this fraction as introductory to the history of the Papacy "during the Reformation." Yet the period embraced within these volumes, which begins with the fateful election of the Cismontane Urban VI. and the counter-election of the Ultramontane Clement VII., includes the forty years' struggle of the Popes and anti-Popes and the reforming Councils, and ends with the brilliant pontificates of Nicholas V. and Pius II., has a clear dramatic unity and wholeness. This seems to have been evident to Dean Milman, who abruptly closed his History of Latin Christianity with the death of Nicholas V. Mr. Creighton prolongs the story to the death of Pius II., Aeneas Sylvius Piccolomini, to whose strange life and career as a successively anti-Papal and pro-Papal diplomatist, anterior to his own elevation to the Papacy on the death of Calixtus III., Dean Milman has devoted a characteristic chapter.

A correct orientation of the events of the election of Urban VI., which closed the "Babylonian Captivity" of the Papacy at Avignon, but opened the "Forty Years' Schism" of the rival Papacies, was declared by Neander to be one of the most difficult problems of ecclesiastical history. The contemporary accounts given by the Urbanists and the Clementists of that tumultuous scene have to be weighed as calmly and judicially as the contradictory evidence given by the heated witnesses for plaintiff and defendant in a modern case of electioneering bribery. The Jesuit Oldoini, in his edition of Ciacconi's *Vita et res gestae Romanorum Pontificum et Cardinalium*, says that he found in the Vatican thirty-two stout volumes of manuscript upon this subject. Milman thought that the varied accounts of the election turn out upon critical scrutiny not to be so contradictory as they appear at first reading. We need scarcely say that he was not a judge without bias. He appears to have taken the anti-Urbanist *Vita Secunda* of Gregory XI. (printed in Baluze's *Vita Paparum Avignonensis*) as his most trustworthy witness, and he observes that it bears strong internal marks of truth in its minuteness and graphic reality. Such a canon of judgment is characteristic of the pictorial historian. But it is not hard to detect specimens of "graphic reality" in the *Vita Prima*

in Baluze's collection. Such, for instance, is the picture of the Roman people dragging bundles of wood to set fire to the Vatican. Bishop Hefele, who has gone at greater length into the story of the electing Conclave than any other modern historian has done, aptly suggests that the wood may not have been wanted for any such destructive purpose, but simply to make a fire for the guards who had to keep watch all night outside the palace. Mr. Creighton's relation cannot compare for liveliness and vigour with that of Gregorovius. He gives the story of the election with a quiet directness and simplicity, and his narrative has an unimpassioned objectivity like that in which Ranke has dealt with the Popes of the next century. He cites no authority at the foot of his pages save Dietrich of Niem, and to him he refers only twice, and neither time on a point of conflicting evidence. In the first note of his appendix, however, he gives sufficient proof of the thoroughness with which he had examined the whole extant literature of the case before relating his own version of it. His critical estimate of Dietrich and his chronicles is admirable, and fuller than that contributed by Tschackert to the new edition of Herzog and Plitt. But when Mr. Creighton speaks of Dietrich's general attitude towards ecclesiastical questions as "that of an official of the Curia," he does scant justice to the severe moral indignation against the Popes which burned in the breast of this German "Abbreviator Literarum Apostolicarum," and which endeared him to modern Catholic reformers like Bishop Wessenberg. Dietrich's life and employment in the Papal Curia, first at Avignon and then in Italy, and his more or less close personal knowledge of the whole series of the Cismontane Popes, from Urban VI. to John XIII., enabled him to paint those terribly faithful portraits which have procured him a place in the Index. It seems curious to us that a careful student of Dietrich, as Mr. Creighton is, can attribute to him the belief that all necessary reformation in the Church could be secured simply by the abolition of the Schism. Mr. Creighton speaks more than once of him as a mere official of the Papal Court, and suggests that his official mind saw only the shameless avarice of Boniface IX., but saw "not the statesmanlike use which he made of his money." He thinks that Dietrich, though "particularly observant," was defective in "political insight." We suspect that Tschackert, the modern biographer of the noble Cardinal Peter d'Ailly, perhaps the most attractive figure in the "history of the Schism," is nearer the truth when he claims Dietrich as a German idealist, who, like the greater Italian idealist, Dante, looked rather to the successor of Constantine than to either of the rival successors of Sylvester for the definitive unification and reformation of the divided Church. It may certainly be said that it was the statesmanship of Boniface IX., during the very time in which his spiritual power as Pope was being denied by many of the Western Churches and princes, which securely established the temporal power of the Papacy. While his rival, from his safe retreat in France, was bestowing the Papal possessions in Italy upon the French prince for whom he created the fanciful kingdom of Adri, Boniface was astutely destroying the still extant survivals of the local Republic of Rome. Platina, who has recorded his father's personal observations in Rome under the pontificate of Boniface IX., observed that he was "the first Pope who invested all the power of Rome in the Pope alone, so that he created magistrates as he pleased." The treaties between the Pope and the Republic of Rome in the years 1391 to 1393 laid the foundation for the conversion of the Republic into a Papal Monarchy. The Roman people would probably have been less eager for the return of the Papacy from its long French captivity had they foreseen that it would almost immediately involve the final destruction of Roman municipal freedom and self-government. The docility of the Roman Republic under Boniface's predecessor, Urban VI., had astounded the Bishop of Cordova. While the Roman people, or "Roman mob," as Mr. Creighton prefers to say, were shouting to the trembling Cardinals "We will have a Roman, or at least an Italian, for Pope!" Rome was putatively subject to three different sovereignties. There was the foreign sovereignty of the Roman Emperors, who were Germans, and were rarely seen in Rome. There was the now equally foreign sovereignty of the Roman Bishops, who had long lived in France, and the last four of whom had been Limousins. There were the local sovereigns of the Republic—the still vaguely existing Senate and People of Rome—to whom in their character as a city the first German Caesar had owed his Imperial crown, and to whom in their character as a Church all the first Popes had owed their election as Roman Bishops. The old secular franchise, which the Romans flattered themselves they had exercised when Charles the Great was crowned Emperor, had been strangely absorbed into the persons of the *Kurfürsten*, all of whom were Germans; the old ecclesiastical franchise, which the local Church of Rome had exercised at the choice of Leo the Great and Gregory the Great, had been as strangely absorbed into the persons of the Cardinals, the majority of whom, at the beginning of the Great Schism, were Frenchmen. A mob, however, even in Rome, cannot be expected to be moved by historical consciousness; and it is not likely that any one in the crowd which terrified the debating Cardinals recollects that he was a member of that same Church of Rome to which St. Paul had written the greatest of his Epistles. The Romans did not question the electing rights of the foreign Cardinals; they were simply determined that the Roman Bishop chosen by the Cardinals should not be a foreigner. Those who like to trace back great events to small beginnings may detect in the patriotic cry of the Roman people, "Romano lo volemo lo Papa, o al manco Italiano," not merely the germ of the so-called "Great

* *A History of the Papacy during the Reformation.* By M. Creighton, M.A., late Fellow of Merton College, Oxford. 2 vols. London: Longmans & Co.

Schism," with its amazing evolution of the three-headed Papacy, which appalled Christendom at the close of the Council of Pisa, but also of that greater Schism which rent nearly all the Northern Churches from the Papacy so soon after its splendid reunification under Nicholas V. The patriotism of the Roman mob was local rather than Catholic or ecclesiastical; it was not even national. They had no such lofty reasons as Petrarch had, or as St. Catherine of Siena had, for wishing to see the Papacy permanently settled in Rome.

The "Great Schism" is not only the real subject of the whole of Mr. Creighton's first volume, but of the greater part of his second volume; for, although it has been the custom of historians to call it the Forty Years' Schism, it cannot be said to have been definitely healed until the abdication of Amadeus of Savoy, Felix V., in 1449, two years after the election of Nicholas V. Those who are bent upon finding curious numerical coincidences in history may say that the seventy years in round numbers of the Babylonian captivity were followed by the seventy years in round numbers of Papal schism, and further that Luther nailed the ninety-five theses to the door of the Schlosskirche at Wittenberg exactly seventy years after the election of Nicholas V., the reunifier of the Papacy. Mr. Creighton's narrative thus includes the two great reforming Councils of Constance and Basel, which are still of interest and importance for the whole of European Christendom, since they were the last universal Synods of the West in which the National Churches now separated from the Papacy were represented. It of course also includes the preliminary reforming Council of Pisa, which closed with the ironical addition of a third Pope to the contending two, and the strange episode of the Council of Ferrara-Florence, with the short-lived reunion of Greek and Latin Christendom. Mr. Creighton is a singularly passionless chronicler. He never pauses to moralize, but simply contents himself, as he engages to do in his preface, "with watching events, and noting the gradual development of affairs." The canvas for so large a picture is occupied of course with a number of great figures and with a crowd of smaller ones; but Mr. Creighton appears never to lose his temper in painting the most unlovely of them. If he errs, it is rather in the contrary direction, by producing apologies of time and place for men and acts nearly certain to be condemned offhand by his readers. We may almost say that Mr. Creighton succeeds fairly in placing his readers much in the position in which the millions of Western Christendom were placed when every serious Christian was at his wit's end to know which of two rival claimants elected by two rival Colleges of Cardinals was the rightful successor of St. Peter in the See of Rome, the true Vicar of Christ on earth, the infallible dogmatist on faith and morals. The decision was practically left to the individual Christian reason and conscience, though it was publicly settled for each Christian by the rulers of the Nation and Church of which he was a member. The keen wit of Selden touched the very core of the situation when he said, "The Papists call our religion a Parliamentary religion; but there was once, I am sure, a Parliamentary Pope. Pope Urban (VI.) was made Pope in England by Act of Parliament, against Pope Clement (VII.). The Act is not in the Book of Statutes, either because he that compiled the book would not have the name of the Pope there, or else he would not let it appear that they meddled with any such thing; but it is upon the rolls." Bishop Wessenberg, in his history of the great reforming Councils, has dwelt upon the subjective side of the story which Mr. Creighton describes with cool impartiality from its objective side. No Christian had any certain means of knowing whether the Cismontane or the Ultramontane Pope, Urban VI. or Clement VII., Boniface IX. or Benedict XIII., was the true head of the Church. The perplexity of the conscience was intensified by the prevailing supposition of the time that none but bishops and priests in union with the true Pope could validly ordain or celebrate the Eucharist. If a parish priest was in schism, through his bishop or his sovereign owning the wrong Pope, his whole parish worshipped an idol, as the Papal Secretary Colaccio Salutato declared, by adoring the Host which he had consecrated. The Universal Councils for the reformation of the Church "in its head and members" were demanded by the universal Christian conscience; but of the working of that conscience—after all, the most powerful influence in Papal history, as in all ecclesiastical history—Mr. Creighton gives us few of those indications which have been so richly supplied by Neander. It is his habit to end most of his chapters with a summary of the character of one of the rival Popes. In these funeral sermons, if we may so call them, Mr. Creighton preserves his cold and quiet impartiality. His judgments upon Urban VI. and Boniface IX. agree exactly with those given by Gregorovius, although Mr. Creighton is much more reserved, and allows less vent to personal dislike than the historian of the mediæval city of Rome, who so often calls his readers to notice how utterly these Popes had lost all enthusiasm for the religious and priestly ideal of their office. In the case of Boniface IX., Mr. Creighton seems to have paraphrased Gregorovius. The sentence "Tall, stalwart, and handsome, with kindly and courteous manner, he was well fitted to be a ruler of men," is almost a translation of the pithy words of Gregorovius:—"Ein Mann von schöner Gestalt, gross und stark, ohne Bildung, zum Herrscher geboren." Even the phrase "ohne Bildung" seems to be paraphrased in Mr. Creighton's next sentence:—"Yet he was destitute of any elevation of mind either on the side of religion or of culture." Mr. Creighton's work, however, stands without a rival in English historical literature. His grasp of the unity of

his subject, his completeness of detail, and his lucid narration, grounded as they evidently are upon a singularly fresh and unbiased critical overhauling of all the materials used by his predecessors, will secure a place for it as a trustworthy guide.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

V.—POETRY AND FICTION.

IT seems, though we may, perhaps, be mistaken, that the number of books in verse is smaller than it used to be at Christmas, and also that the quality of the verse is higher. Yet in too many cases we must refuse the praise which Polycarp Leyser accords to a forgotten poet of the twelfth century—a London alderman—whom he terms "versificator elegans, qui magis sensum, quam verba curabat." The verifiers of London in the nineteenth century are not so particular as to "rhyme and reason," and in truth it would be impossible in some cases to make any sense of so-called poems. The tendency to expression in verse may be a sign of high culture; but the reader would be satisfied with less than half the amount. However, as we have remarked, there does seem to be a slight diminution this year, and on the whole the quality is high; but this is partly owing to the number of such reprints as the American edition of Gray's *Elegy*, already noticed, and to the publication of two illustrated volumes of poems by Longfellow. First and prettiest is the posthumous work of the late Samuel Palmer. An English version of the *Elegies of Virgil* (Seeley) might not by itself, however well done, be worth publishing at the present day; but, in addition to scholarly, fluent, and poetical paraphrase, we have a series of exquisite etchings, some highly finished, others, unhappily, mere sketches, the result of the last labours of the artist. The editor, Mr. A. H. Palmer, has been careful to carry out his father's design, and it was his "earnest wish that when a subject had been transferred to copper, the plate should be published, even if incomplete, rather than a reproduction of the finished drawing." In one case, where a drawing had been finished and then abandoned for another design, Mr. Palmer publishes both. In all we have five etchings, and eight facsimiles hardly to be distinguished from them. On the whole, it is one of the latter class which we should be inclined to select as the most beautiful of the prints. It illustrates Virgil's couplet—

Aspice, aratra jugo referunt suspensa juvenci,
Et sol crescentes dedecens duplcat umbras—

which is thus happily rendered:—

But see, the weary-pacing oxen, slow,
Homeward from laboured furrows bring the plough,
Sliding reversed, and the departing sun
Doubles the lengthening shades.

This is, of course, something more than translation; and it is the same with the rendering of two lines in the third eclogue, where Menalcas sings:—

Phyllida amo ante alias: nam me discedere levit:
Et longum, formose, vale, vale, inquit, Iola.

This is expanded into:—

"Tis gentle Phillis I love best of all,
For when I left some tears began to fall.
"Adieu!" she said, while her loose tresses fell
About me, "Charming boy, a long farewell."

The French word "adieu," although it has Dryden's sanction, offends the ear, and a repetition of "farewell" would be more in accordance with the reiterated "vale." Dryden avoids "farewell," and repeats "adieu"; but "farewell" is the synonym of "vale." But no translation can be quite satisfactory; and, instead of further criticism, we may say at once that this is one of the most beautiful books of the season, well written, well illustrated, and well printed.

Another posthumous publication is Longfellow's dramatic poem *Michael Angelo* (Routledge). It was written, as we are told in a prefatory note, mainly about ten years before the poet's death; but was retained in manuscript for occasional revision, and printed after his death in the *Atlantic Monthly*. It had been his wish that the play should be illustrated, and in this the publishers have acquiesced, with a very handsome volume for the result. The drawings are all by American artists, and a very good old custom is followed in giving the names of the engravers. This custom used to prevail in England, in the days when Lane published his *Arabian Nights* and Bennett his *Gardens and Menagerie*; but of late years our English engravers have for the most part had little reason to append their names. On the whole, we prefer the landscapes to the figure subjects, though Mr. Millet's "Michael Angelo and Cavalieri in the Coliseum" is very fine. It illustrates the lines:—

The sand beneath our feet is saturate
With blood of martyrs; and these rifted stones
Are awful witnesses against a people
Whose pleasure was the pain of dying men.

But "Venice at Night," by Mr. Ross Turner, and another view of Venice, by Mr. Wendel, are superior. The latter view is appended to these fine verses:—

So you have left at last your still lagoons,
Your City of Silence floating in the sea.

As an example of what wood engraving can do, we may refer to the cut facing p. 178, "Finis." It represents a vase in a niche

between two bas-reliefs, and is drawn by Mr. S. L. Smith. It is simply beyond praise.

Another very pretty volume contains a series of "Choice Poems from Henry Wadsworth Longfellow" (Cassell), illustrated from paintings by his son, Ernest Longfellow. There are more than fifty woodcuts, great and small, but for the most part vignettes and little head or tail-pieces. The most popular of the poems have been chosen, and altogether it is difficult to imagine a more pleasing volume for a present. All the pictures are good, and one or two are very striking, such as the sea view on p. 29 illustrating "Amalfi":—

Gallant brigantines
Sailing safely into port
Chased by corsair Algerines.

Two cuts in the poem on "Songe River" should also be mentioned, as well for their quiet charm as for the beauty of the engraving. Where all are so good, it is difficult to pick and choose; but the sea views are especially happy.

The pictures in *The Forging of the Anchor* (Cassell) are by English artists, but we do not recognize the names of the wood engravers, and would be glad to believe that they are English too. A prettier little volume does not often come into our hands. Every verse, almost every line, of Sir Samuel Ferguson's stirring little poem has its appropriate cut; and it is difficult to select any one as better than the rest. Perhaps the reader will turn back most often to

Sobbing sweethearts in a row wail o'er the ocean foam.

The illustration is by Mr. Glindoni, and the cutting by Mr. H. F. Davey. Nearly as good is

In a cove
Shell-strown and consecrate of old to some Undine's love
To find the long-haired mermaidens;

where Mr. Hal Ludlow's lovely drawing is interpreted by Mr. O. L. Lacour, who also engraved Mr. Hatherell's drawing for the illustrated title.

We have been somewhat severe in our criticism of the art of wood-engraving as practised at the present day in England; it is, therefore, with the greater pleasure that we correct a misapprehension in our notice of last week, when we doubted that Mr. Hennessy had committed his illustrations, drawn for Sir S. Baker's *True Tales*, "to the untried tools of an English engraver." They were in reality cut by Mr. James Cooper, as our readers will be glad to hear; and we have before us another volume with illustrations by the same engraver. *Twenty-two Sonnets* (Pickering) are by the veteran poet, Mr. Egerton Warburton of Arley, and are illustrated from drawings by Mr. Boot, most delicately engraved by Mr. Cooper. All the illustrations are worthy of commendation, especially, if we can pick out any one for praise, a view which accompanies the sonnet on "Home." The sonnets must be noticed at another opportunity.

The Jackdaw of Rheims is very comically illustrated by Mr. Ernest Maurice Jessop (Eyre & Spottiswoode). We cannot quite approve of the last picture, which represents the canonized jackdaw; but the birds are very well drawn, especially the head where the daw "hops off with the ring." *The Children's Christmas* (Routledge) contains eight little songs or carols, the words by R. Spence Watson, LL.D., and the music by Myles Birket Foster, the organist of the Foundling Hospital. The words are simple, as is the music, and the two are arranged together so that no difficulty will occur in finding the place. The accompaniments are composed to suit little fingers, and even a "Dance round the Tree" will be very easily played. This is a pretty and complete little book. *Little Bird Red and Little Bird Blue* (Routledge) is by Miss M. Betham Edwards, and is illustrated by Mr. T. R. Macquoid. The story, in verse, is adapted, with some alterations, from the German of an unknown writer. The first verses are a little difficult to parse. At a competitive examination of the new common-sense kind the boy might be asked to write out in prose such a verse as this:—

It was the sun, my mother, spoke,
In the darksome night,
With gentle voice, yet I awoke,
Out of slumbers light.

Given, that a snowdrop is supposed to be the speaker, how can this be construed? Of course in German the sun is feminine; and the imagery, which makes a snowdrop recognize the voice of her mother, the sun, is rather pleasing, but few children who do not know German will fail to make the same kind of mistake about the meaning of these lines as the daily papers do about Frankenstein and his monster. So much by way of censure or criticism; it will apply to a few other obscure lines in the book, yet it is such a pretty book, with such pretty borders, and the blue bird and the red bird are both so sweet, that we feel almost sorry to have made any criticism, or to be obliged further to observe that in the copy sent to us the printing is so careless as to leave something like a white line round every object. The same author and publisher also issue *Snow Flakes*, with illustrations by the late H. K. Browne. The pictures are pretty, and so are many of the ideas in the verses, which, however, are in a metre difficult to scan, as it varies in the accent and number of feet from verse to verse, and, were it possible, appears to be written by a poet unacquainted with even the rudiments of prosody.

If poetry is comparatively scarce this year, fiction goes far to make up for it. Everything is apparently to be taught by fiction nowadays, and we have astronomical and historical and artistic and geographical story-books, but, above all, we have religion inculcated by

means of the novel. This is always the favourite form, and perhaps a full half of the volumes of tales before us are more or less sprinkled with texts. *The Cabin on the Beach* (Seeley) is by Miss Winchester, and is an example exactly in point. It is intended to teach Christian resignation and natural history. To a certain extent it succeeds in both these laudable objects, so far, that is, as a little book can, but the hero is perhaps a little too long under suspicion, and the crippled baronet is a little too uniformly good. His mother—indeed, both the mothers—are more consistent characters, and are better drawn than the boys. The illustrations are rather above the low level of the year. *Sunday Parables*, by Walter J. Mathews (Nisbet), are intended for children, and we can only hope children will like them, but, if they do, the author ought to provide them with a second volume as a tonic or antidote, in which things do not always turn out as they should. We are sorry not to be able to give these and other religious allegories any high praise, but people best able to judge know the enervating effect they too often have upon the minds of the young. Such a volume as *God with Us; or, the Believer's Portion* (Nisbet), is only calculated to bring religion into ridicule. The reader can but charitably hope that it was inadvertently published. *How it all came round* (Hodder), by L. T. Meade, is an example of a much better class. The story is very interesting merely as a story, but the reader rises from it feeling not worse but better for having read it, though the principal character is an impossibly-good poor curate. One feels inclined to sympathize more with his wife in her almost indignant longing for the wealth which eventually comes to her. The plot is sufficiently indicated by the frontispiece, which represents an ugly and naughty old man burning a paper. There is a good deal about a will and a lost letter and a rich heiress, and about two very charming children, one of whom takes scarlatina. The pictures are very tolerable, but there are not many of them. The religious sentiments which the author wishes to inculcate are well interwoven with the story, and cannot therefore be skipped, not even the poor curate's sermon. With this pretty story we may bracket *In a Corner of a Vineyard*, by Isaac Pleydell (Hodder). A young curate of weak health but strong faith goes forth to civilize and convert the roughs of the salt mines. The sermon of which a specimen is given hardly accounts by its touching eloquence for the effect produced. The curate has a Sunday-school teacher who helps him in the parish; and Dorothy is a more interesting character than the parson. She fights his battles, nurses him in an illness, and finally herself dies in a strictly orthodox manner; and the book concludes with some words from which the style of the whole volume may be gathered:—"Summer by summer over the grave of Dorothy there buds and blossoms a single wild white rose, meek and fragrant emblem of the deathless flowers that blow in the gardens of Paradise." *Life's Music*, by Emma E. Hornibrook (Nisbet), is a story told in an autobiographical form. The writer gives an account of her children, their successes, troubles, loves, disappointments, and marriages, and the death of one. The tone is very religious, after the severe Calvinistic model upon which so many noble and useful men and women have been nurtured in early life. *Charity*, by Sophia Parkerson (Elliot Stock), is another religious story, and may take the reader at first, as the style is peculiar; but it soon palls, as there are long sentences of long words, but very little meaning. We cannot help being amused at the account of Clara's wedding, where the party return home "to a breakfast of smiles and tears." The day seemed to them, we are told, "like a useless Sunday, with fine clothes on." The book, though small, has a second heroine, Helen, who also marries. The author, though evidently deeply religious, by no means despises the good things of this life; for in praise of the second bridegroom she says:—"He possessed a handsome fortune, liberal and cultivated mind, and gentlemanly manners." A very pretty book, of a less distinctly religious character, is *Pilgrim Sorrow: a Cycle of Tales* (Unwin), which is a translation by Miss Helen Zimmern from the German of "Carmen Sylva," the Queen of Roumania. There is an etched portrait of Her Majesty, and the book is altogether well got up, but it is sadly depressing to read. Miss Zimmern has made excellent English of her translation, and has prefixed a short biographical notice of the royal author, which sufficiently accounts for the melancholy tone of the book. Here is an autobiographical paragraph:—"Then Sorrow led me into marriage, and made me a mother, and laid great rich labours upon my shoulders. I groped about to find the right path, and we had to meet with mistrust and misunderstanding, and on the steep path stood hate and strife. But I did not fear, for I was a mother. But not many years was this high dignity mine; my child's fair eyes closed, and I laid his curly head in the grave." Another translation, mystical and melancholy, is *The Will o' the Wisp* (Chapman & Hall). It is translated by Miss Hart from the German of Marie Petersen, a book which is now in its thirty-fourth edition. We can hardly prophesy such success for the English version, though it is very well done; but the idea and treatment are too entirely German and unsuited for English readers, to whom not only the scenery and manners, but even the sentiments, are strange and not altogether pleasing. In this notice of Poetry and Fiction another book with a nearly similar title comes appropriately. It is *Will o' the Wisp; and other Tales* (Satchell), a collection of pieces both in prose and verse. They are weird and thrilling to the last degree; but the verse is very inferior to the prose. With these we must class Mr. Shorthouse's *Little Schoolmaster Mark* (Macmillan), which he

justly characterizes himself as a spiritual romance. The portion in which the hero gets among the actors at a small German Court reminds one of passages in *Wilhelm Meister*. Some incidents in the youthful life of Heinrich Jung-Stilling form the foundation of the story. The foregoing four volumes may be welcome to believers in Spiritualism and the new class of ladies who profess to understand Buddhism. They are all well printed on nice paper.

After these we may relieve our minds by reading *Romantic Stories of the Legal Profession* (Sampson Low), to which we can give this praise, so rare in a notice of Christmas Books, that when we reached the end we were heartily sorry there was no more of it. The stories are well and clearly written, and are all apparently founded on real experiences, while all are perfectly possible from the legal point of view. "Touch and Go with a Great Estate" is made to turn on the custom of "borough English," a clever idea; but for the most part the stories are quite clear enough to suit young people of ordinary intelligence. *The Red Cross*, by "Luigi" (Vizetelly), contains five stories or novelties. They are up to the usual level of magazine stories. "Two Generations; or, Vows Fulfilled," will be found the most interesting. *Evelyn Mancaring* (Marcus Ward) is by Mr. Greville Chester, the author of *Julian Cloughton*. As a considerable part of the story is laid at Hampton Court, where the heroine has apartments, the background of red brick and green grass would alone render almost any story charming. But there is much besides in Mr. Chester's little volume, and the fault most people will find with it is that it might have been made much longer, as some of the scenes are too slight. It should be mentioned that the story has one unusual characteristic; the hero is a duke, and a very nice duke too. *Hannah Turne* (Macmillan) will be found a very suitable present for girls who are not supposed to have attained to the regular novel-reading age. It is brightly written and has the advantage of some illustrations by Mr. Hennessey, who has contrived to prevent the engraver from cutting them away. The scene is partly laid in Germany, and there are two lovers and the appropriate complications. Mr. Sonnenchein publishes a selection of stories from the *Gesta Romanorum*. The pictures are forbidding; but the translation or adaptation is very intelligible. The book forms a newly-available mine for the story-tellers of the fireside. We are disappointed in *Tempest Tossed* (Routledge), as the author of *Mademoiselle Mori* led us to expect better things. There is no want of incidents, as the scene is laid in Germany in the Thirty Years' War; yet, when we have read them all, we look back upon the book as essentially dull. It is strange how seldom the historical novel is successful at the present day. It is a pity to boil down Chaucer into a book for a child. The original is ruined by the process, and no very desirable end attained, as the grand old poet's language, much of his imagery, and, unfortunately, the great part of his wit, are of course inadmissible. Miss Mary Seymour, who some time ago published *Shakespeare's Stories Simply Told*, has not been deterred by these difficulties, and now issues *Chaucer's Stories* (Nelson).

The last book in this week's list is one of the best. It is entitled *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood of Great Renown in Nottinghamshire*, written and illustrated by Howard Pyle (Sampson Low). The cover gives no inkling of the pleasure to be enjoyed by going through the book. It is heavy, and not either pretty or appropriate. But within the illustrations are among the most beautiful of the year, even head and tail-pieces being well and carefully drawn. It is difficult to be certain, but we do not think Mr. Pyle has entrusted his drawings to a wood-engraver. They look more like the work of the so-called "typo-etcher." But, in truth, we are haunted all through by the unpleasant suspicion that Mr. Pyle is an American artist, and that our own country may not have the credit of these admirable drawings. We must hope this suspicion is unfounded; but, after several weeks' work at illustrated books, when something good crops up, unfortunately the law of analogy tells us it comes from the other side of the Atlantic. We were happily wrong in such a surmise last week, and at any rate in the present case this fear is no reason for abating our praise. If we look at Robin kissing the girls who come to buy at his stall when he sets up as a butcher; if we look at Little John in the guise of a friar; if we look at the view of Nottingham in the background of a picture representing Little John's victory over Eric o' Lincoln; last scene of all, if we look at Robin as he shoots the arrow from the window before his death; and if we do not neglect any of the vignettes and initials, the border and tail-pieces, it will be impossible to withhold from Mr. Pyle the credit of having given us one of the prettiest and pleasantest and cleverest books of this season.

One of the stateliest books of the year is the *Cathedral Cities of Ely and Norwich*, where etchings of atlas size by Mr. R. Farren are ushered in by an introduction from Mr. Freeman's pen (Cambridge: Macmillan & Bowes). The singular interest and beauty of these two East Anglian minsters, and their singular difference, give an excellent subject to both needle and pen. Mr. Freeman's competence for his own part of the matter needs no comment. Mr. Farren has executed his thirty-five plates with immense care and with great success. The amount of work in such a plate as No. 14, the Octagon and Choir of Ely, must have been prodigious, and the effect is very satisfactory. Perhaps the paper on which the larger designs are printed is a little too definitely brown in tone; but this is a very minor drawback in an extremely handsome book.

FRENCH CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

ONE of the handsomest gift-books which comes under our notice this year is a splendid edition of Frédéric Mistral's famous poem *Mireio* (Hachette), in large quarto, with numerous full-page etchings by M. Eugène Burnand, and a still larger number of reduced copies of designs by the same artist in the text. Mistral's poem, which is here presented with a French prose translation heading the page and the Provençal original at the foot, hardly requires criticism a quarter of a century after its first appearance. That it is the most remarkable recent example of the attempt to resuscitate (to galvanize the unkind call it) a dead literary language into literary life and use is pretty generally agreed. That its poetic merit is not limited to such as this *tour de force* may imply must also be granted. Thirdly, it has not inconsiderable interest both as a story and a collection of popular tales and customs. All this is done justice to in its present appearance. M. Burnand's designs have considerable merit, though he has, perhaps, as an etcher aimed at rather too much detail and minuteness of work.

Messrs. Hetzel may justly pride themselves on the completion, in time to take its place as a Christmas book, of the new cheap illustrated edition of Michelet's *Histoire de France* and *Histoire de la révolution française*. In this remarkable issue the reader has in nine volumes of large, but not extraordinarily large, octavo, enriched with about two thousand illustrations of the most various kinds, very well executed indeed, and at the price of about two guineas in English money, the matter which fills some thirty volumes in the usual unillustrated edition at quite double the price. The paper is, of course, somewhat thin, and the volumes a little ponderous to hold. But these are inevitable concomitants of cheapness in such a case. The type and printing, which are sometimes made to pay the penalty as well—a very great mistake—are here irreproachable.

The same publishers send us the yearly volumes of the *Magasin illustré d'éducation et de récréation*, the chief attraction of which during the last twelvemonth has been M. Jules Verne's *Keraban le Tétu*, to be noticed presently; while from Messrs. Hachette we have the *Journal de la jeunesse*, whereunto Mme. de Witt, M. Louis Rousselet, M. Girardin, and others lend their help. Both these periodicals ought to have a more considerable circulation in England than they have; for their contents—both letterpress and illustrations—are attractive enough in all conscience, they are absolutely *sans reproche* in point of tone and subject, and they are very well calculated to serve as honey to the *absinthia tetra* of grammar and dictionary.

No small portion of their contents, together, it is true, with much else, makes its appearance separately among the well-known white octavo volumes which both the publishers just noticed are wont to issue at this time of year. The already-mentioned work of M. Verne (Hetzel) deserves perhaps the first place. The scene is the Black Sea; the hero is very obstinate indeed (and obstinacy is perhaps not the least part of heroism); M. Jules Verne's usual mixture of adventures, science, geographical information, fighting, and a little love-making is duly observed; and the illustrations are, it is hardly necessary to say, numerous, well executed, varied, and occasionally instructive. *Les millions de la tante Zézé*, by M. Jules Girardin (Hachette), is the work of a writer for children who has few superiors in France, and who here indulges in a rather more "grown-up" range than he sometimes allows himself. The vignettes signed "Tofani" are well executed; but they occasionally exhibit a defect which is not confined to them or to French illustrations of children's books—the defect of being often trivial and unillustrative of the subject. The main point of book-illustration is that it should take some decided situation or incident to deal with and should be something of a composition. If not, the merely decorative style is preferable to figure-pieces which tell no story and illustrate none. The nature of the subject saves the pictorial part of *La peau du tigre* (Hachette) from this effect. M. Louis Rousselet, the author, has made of it a sporting and Indian story of some merit. Englishmen naturally figure largely, and it is pleasant to find that all Frenchmen do not consider Englishmen in India to be necessarily monsters, as do MM. Jacolliot et cie. In taking Montcalm as the hero of his patriotic novel *Le grand vaincu* (Hetzel), M. Henry Cauvain has made an excellent selection, and has carried his plan out very satisfactorily. The glory of the English conquest of Canada is in no way impaired by the notorious fact of the shameful mismanagement by which Montcalm was left unsupported from home. *Les gens de bien*, by Mme. Gustave Demoulin (Hachette), is a record of persons worth remembering, compiled on the most liberal principles. Burke and Howard, Clarkson and Granville Sharp, find a place alongside of Saint Vincent de Paul, Oberlin, the Abbé Gauthier, and Cathérine Gagnière. The biographies are very sensibly written and without any of that undue beatification which is sometimes thought necessary in such work. In *Les animaux célèbres* (Hetzel), by M. Eugène Muller, all our old friends reappear, sometimes in the illustrations, sometimes in the text. We cannot think that Androcles's lion—the most gentlemanlike beast of history or fiction—administered his famous caresses to his former benefactor in quite such a robustious manner as that here represented; but it is conceivable that the effect on youth will be all the more marked. On the other hand, the two rats of La Fontaine's fable, who hit upon that very clever fashion of making off with an egg, have admirable justice done to them, while the fox who is visible in the distance is such a very nice fox that child-

hood (always ready to shed generous tears for the "poor tiger who hasn't got a Christian") may perhaps have its sympathies misdirected. A very handsome edition of what is perhaps Jules Sandeau's masterpiece, *Mademoiselle de la Seiglière* (Hetzell), appears with numerous designs by Emile Bayard, against which there is nothing to be said, except that the tone of burlesque and satire is more apparent in them than befits that noble and melancholy history. Mlle. Zénâide Fleuriot is like M. Girardin, an *amusante* (to give her the proper inflection) *brevetée*, as far as youth is concerned, and her *Caline*, short for *Pascaline* (Hachette) is worthy of her reputation. As usual, Britanny supplies much of the material. The illustrations here are again of the vignette order, but, being limited for the most part to single heads or genre subjects, they escape the criticism above insinuated. *Une année de collège à Paris* (Hetzell) is the work of M. André Laurie, an experienced writer of schoolboy stories, which are not the less interesting because they show the remarkable difference between English and French schoolboyhood. It is well illustrated by M. Geoffroy. We have never seen M. Lucien Biart to better advantage than in *Voyages et aventures de deux enfants dans un parc* (Hetzell), which has the advantage of the very well proved assistance of "Fröhlich" as illustrator. When M. Biart writes books of travels we have sometimes wished that he would write novels instead, and when he has written novels or things of the novel kind, we have fancied that he might be better employed on voyages and travels pure and simple. But, in this kind of book, where a thread of story and a certain amount of character-sketching serves as the vehicle for plenty of description of nature, and of rudimentary scientific and technical instruction, he is quite at home. The illustrations are often very funny, but the cats eating in a facetious manner a basket of fish in one of them are hopelessly conventional. Why is it so difficult to draw a cat? *Les expériences de la petite Madeleine* (Hetzell), by M. C. Lemaire, addresses itself to a still younger circle of readers than any book yet mentioned, but its text and M. Geoffroy's pleasant illustrations make one once more parody the celebrated exclamation of Lamb's friend as to the transformation of Eton boys into members of Parliament. To think that these agreeable French babies must one day grow into the heroines of French novels might (if one did not know that the heroine of a French novel is, on the whole, a creature of convention) make a man, if the death of a dear friend happened conveniently, feel rather sad. Mme. Colomb's *Pour la muse* (Hachette) is a girl's book exclusively; indeed, almost all the characters are of the feminine sex, except the heroine's father. Last in order, but by no means least in merit, has to be mentioned Mme. de Witt's *Normands et Normandes* (Hachette), a further series of the historical tales of which she has nearly as absolute a monopoly in the particular style in France as Miss Yonge has in England. There is hardly one of the books noticed in this paragraph which would not make an excellent gift-book.

The series of *Comédiens et Comédiennes* is not of its nature a Christmas book, but may for convenience sake be ranked as such *pro hac vice*. The latest number of M. Sarcey's interesting, if sometimes sour and clumsy, series of sketches of actors and actresses (*Comédiens et Comédiennes*, Deuxième Série. Adolphe Dupuis. Librairie des Bibliophiles) is devoted to M. Dupuis, the M. Dupuis famed as the first Olivier de Jalin; and it is one of the pleasantest sketches in the series. In it M. Sarcey's critical powers, which are apt to be ludicrously overrated in England, are seen at their best; and it is written without any of the disagreeable flavour which has been present in more than one number of the series. M. Dupuis's style is well hit off in this sketch of his performance of Olivier de Jalin, whom but few French critics, by the way, recognize for the rascal that he is. "He [M. Dupuis] played Olivier de Jalin. The part has since been played by an incomparable artist, Delaunay, who, presenting it on a larger stage, gave it more breadth. Dupuis's science was perhaps less, and I do not know if his method would have told in so vast a house as that of the Français. But it was nature itself, nature caught in a flash. Dumas [this is a poor compliment to Dumas] had given the personage something of his own character and turn of wit. Dupuis had watched Dumas speaking, acting, in a word—living; and, without committing the gross indiscretion of actually portraying him on the stage, he said to himself, 'This is how Dumas would speak, this is the gesture he would use, in these conditions.' In this way he attained an exquisite naturalness. He was just the man of our day, the man to elbow and talk to every day, wet or fine, on the boulevard." Elsewhere M. Sarcey dwells on M. Dupuis's art, which no English comedian has had to such perfection as the late Mr. Alfred Wigan, of making his lines tell without the slightest appearance of effort or emphasis. "He marks the finest shades with an imperceptible touch; he is understood at once; and sometimes in this admirably calculated simplicity there is greater power than in the most piercing cries. Dupuis gave the words, 'At your service,' with a quick, clean-cut utterance that thrilled the house and brought down a burst of applause." M. Dupuis, we learn, is anxious to appear in, and to give a new and unconventional turn to, such parts as *Tartufe* and *Alceste*. The experiment would be at any rate highly interesting.

The albums issued by Messrs. Hetzel for children of a smaller growth consist, as is fitting, of much illustration and not much "reading," as the victims say. *Les deux sœurs*, illustrated in lithography, suffers perhaps a little from the fact that the heroines are ugly children, almost perpetually grinning. But the *Alphabet des insectes* is very funny, and full of pleasant conceits which do credit to its imaginer, M. Becker. The duel under D,

the procession of pious beetles going to church under E, the alarming crayfish who has somehow or other got on the top of a tree under L, and the ghostly grasshopper who is being assisted by two very pretty little girls to show his powers over a skipping-rope under S, are only a few of the artist's successes. The combined names of P. J. Stahl and Lorentz Fröhlich are sufficient guarantees for *Les jumeaux*, where the advantages and disadvantages of twinhood appear pictorially and in literature. *L'anniversaire de Lucy*, by Marie Courbe, is in the style (more altered and acclimated than usual) which our neighbours have borrowed from Miss Kate Greenaway; while *La guerre sur les toits*, by "Finant," is the history, in quaint and terrible colours, of a desperate fight between two chimney-sweeps, "the fire brigade intervening," in the language of the Divorce Court.

The familiar *Bibliothèque rose* (Hachette) contributes four volumes, all after its fashion duly adorned with "cuts." *L'héritière de Maurizé*, by Mme. de Marigny, is chiefly noteworthy for one of the most terrific representations of a railway collision that we remember in black and white. *Sauvons-le!* by Mme. Émilie Carpentier, is a spirited story of Britanny and Canada, and maritime adventure during the American Civil War, and several other cheerful and exciting ingredients. It appears to us one of the best of its kind that we have recently read in French. Mlle. Julie Gouraud, the author of *Le vieux château*, is an older acquaintance, and her story is of a quieter kind. *La maison blanche*, by Mme. de Stoltz, is of something the same character.

Mme. de Witt's *Vieux amis* and M. Girardin's *Quand j'étais petit gargon* are stories of a somewhat less advanced kind, and published in larger type and slightly different shape by the same publishers.

Lastly, we have to notice two numbers of Messrs. Hetzel's pretty *Petite bibliothèque blanche*, volumes of square shape, and clad in white *vergé* covers. *Le petit théâtre de famille*, by A. Gennévraye, contains short pieces, well suited for children's acting, except perhaps that some of the speeches are rather too long. *La vie des fleurs*, by M. Eugène Noël, is a collection of semi-scientific papers well written and well illustrated by M. Yan d'Argent. The only objection that we can make to them is that they appear somewhat too desultory, and, so to speak, suggestive for children, from the point of view of instruction; while they have not poetry enough of style and character to rank with such things as the *Story without an End*. That, at least, is the impression which turning them over gives, but we confess that we have not actually exhibited them to the living infant.

From the 5th of January next the SATURDAY REVIEW will give a Weekly Notice of Current French Literature.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we decline to return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception.

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1. R. E. Cayley	1410	*18. C. W. Bellairs	1128
2. W. H. Norman	1357	*19. E. P. Back	1127
3. P. N. Wright	1364	20. G. F. Hills	1110
4. E. A. Donaldson	1310	21. W. M. Ellerton	1088
5. H. L. Dickie	1293	*22. H. D. M. Brent	1092
6. W. H. Dugdale	1284	23. J. H. Kenyon	1081
7. H. M. Dougherty	1255	24. J. H. Kenyon	1083
8. E. S. Houseman	1248	25. W. H. Cowan	1061
9. J. D. Kelly	1237	26. G. E. Corbett	1059
10. D. Beatty	1230	27. J. H. Kenyon	1059
11. F. W. T. Willis	1221	28. H. M. O'Connor	1053
12. F. La T. Leathem	1174	29. W. H. Gordon	1025
13. F. J. Carrill	1165	30. J. Armstrong	1022
14. D. S. MacInnes	1165	31. H. P. L. Tottenham	1000
15. F. M. Hindore	1140	32. J. A. Ferguson	977
16. F. M. Hindore	1135	33. F. J. Taylor	953
17. G. Tuke	1123		

From the above it will be seen that over *One-third* of the successful Candidates passed from Stubbington House. At the last ten Examinations held for Naval Cadetships Pupils have taken the First Place on six occasions.

N.B. Those marked * passed from Mr. FOSTER'S, Stubbington House, Farnham, Hants.

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